

SELECT READINGS

SELECT READINGS FROM ENGLISH PROSE



REVISED EDITION
(*Reprint*)

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA
1934



BCU 1897

PRINTED BY BHUPENDRALAL BANERJEE,
CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY PRESS, SENATE HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

Reg. No. 784B—March, 1934—Y.

GS 3213

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgments are due to the following publishers and owners of copyrights for their permission to reproduce extracts and illustrations in the present volume:—

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., LTD., LONDON, for two extracts headed 'Justice' in *Youth's Noble Path* by F. J. Gould.

•THE CLICHE' DEPT. & LITERARY BUREAU, MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., LONDON, for 'A White Man's Adventures among the Australian Blacks,' by Rougemont, which originally appeared in *The Wide World Magazine*.

MESSRS. PARKER, GARRETT & Co., LONDON, Solicitors for Captain Vyvyan Beresford Holland, for 'The Selfish Giant,' from *The Happy Prince and other Tales*, by Oscar Wilde.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON (INDIA), LTD., ON BEHALF OF THE COPYRIGHT-HOLDER, for 'The Attack on Mount Everest,' from *True Stories of Modern Explorers*, by Webster Smith.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD., LONDON, for the illustration 'The Lilliputian Tailors measure Gulliver for a new suit of clothes,' facing page 40 of *Gulliver's Travels* (The Temple Continuous Readers).

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON, ON BEHALF OF THE AUTHORS, for (1) 'On Reading,' from

Chapter IX of *The Use of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock and (2) 'The Inside of the Earth,' comprising Sections 256-263 of *Physical Geography* in the 'Science Primer Series,' by Sir Archibald Geikie.

LIBRAIRIE HACHETTE, PARIS, for the illustration 'Naples' ('A Volcano in Eruption'), from *Geographie Universelle*, by Elysée Reclus.

MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP & Co., LTD.; LONDON, for 'The Sun and the Stars,' comprising Chapters VI and VIII of *Men of Science and their Discoveries*, by William and Stella Nida.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, for 'The King is Dead, Long Live the King,' by Mary E. Coleridge, from *Gathered Leaves* as published by Messrs. Edward Arnold.

MOUNT EVEREST COMMITTEE, ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, KENSINGTON GORE, LONDON, for the illustration entitled 'Mount Everest from the Rongbuk Glacier,' facing p. 214 of *Mount Everest, The Reconnaissance, 1921*, by Lt.-Col. C. K. Howard Bury.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF BUREAU OF SOCIAL AFFAIRS, HOME OFFICE, JAPAN, for the illustration entitled 'A partial view of Yokohama after the earthquake as seen from the Customs Pier' (Effect of an Earthquake), facing p. 128 of *The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan*.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Letters	
✓ To the Rev. John Newton (<i>Cowper</i>) ✓ ...	1
✓ To the Rev. William Unwin (<i>Cowper</i>) ✓ ...	5
✓ To the Rev. John Newton (<i>Cowper</i>) ...	8
To Mrs. Bodham (<i>Cowper</i>) ...	11
✓ To his Son (<i>Chesterfield</i>) ✓ ...	13
✓ To his Son (<i>Chesterfield</i>) ✓ ...	16

On Books and Study

* On Reading (<i>Lubbock</i>) ...	20
Study (<i>Todd</i>) ...	27

On Morals and Conduct

Advice to Young Men (<i>Cobbett</i>) ...	41
* Justice (<i>Gould</i>) ✓ ...	58
* On Courage (<i>Gardiner</i>) ✓ ...	72

Stories

✓ The Widow and her Son (<i>Irving</i>) ✓ ...	77
✓ Rip Van Winkle (<i>Irving</i>) ✓ ...	87
Rosamund Gray (<i>Lamb</i>) ✓ ...	111

* Asterisks indicate copyright pieces.



	PAGE
✓ * My Friend Jack (<i>Hudson</i>) ...	115
The Incendiary (<i>Miss Mitford</i>) ...	127
✓ * The King is Dead, long live the King (<i>Miss Coleridge</i>) ...	144
✓ * The Selfish Giant (<i>Wilde</i>) ...	155
✓ The Citizen of the World (<i>Goldsmith</i>) ...	161
✓ Gulliver's Travels (<i>Swift</i>) ...	175

Travels and Voyages

The Story of Alexander Selkirk (<i>Steele</i>) ...	189
* A White Man's Adventures among the Australian Blacks (<i>De Rougemont</i>) ...	194
An Earthquake (<i>Darwin</i>) ...	212
+ * An Attack on Mount Everest (<i>Smith</i>) ...	224

Scientific Discourses

+ * The Inside of the Earth (<i>Geikie</i>) ...	236
* The Sun and the Stars (<i>William and Stella Nida</i>) ...	244
The Meaning of Weight (<i>Huxley</i>) ...	252
NOTES ...	265

* Asterisks indicate copyright pieces.



The Lilliputian tailors measure Gulliver
for a new suit of clothes



SELECT READINGS FROM ENGLISH PROSE

LETTERS

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, Nov. 30, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is



short, and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean-time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire

t rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primaeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and, if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

This by way of introduction; now for my letter. Mr. Scott is desired by Mr. De Coetlogon to contribute to the "Theological Review," of which I suppose that gentleman is a manager. He says he has ensured your assistance, and at the same time desires mine, either in prose or verse. He did well to apply to you, because you can afford him substantial help; but as for me, had he known me better, he would never have suspected me for a theologian, either in rhyme or otherwise.

Lord Dartmouth's Mr. Wright spent near two hours with me this morning; a respectable old man,

whom I always see with pleasure, both for his master's sake and for his own. I was glad to learn from him that his lordship has better health than he has enjoyed for some years.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Your affectionate,

W. C.

• • •



LETTERS

5

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN. X

Olney, July 13, 1784.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

We rejoice that you had a safe journey, and though we should have rejoiced still more had you had no occasion for a physician, we are glad that, having had need of one, you had the good fortune to find him—let us hear soon that his advice has proved effectual, and that you are delivered from all ill symptoms.

Thanks for the care you have taken to furnish me with a dictionary: it is rather strange that, at my time of life, and after a youth spent in classical pursuits, I should want one; and stranger still that, being possessed at present of only one Latin author in the world, I should think it worth while to purchase one. I say that it is strange, and indeed I think it so myself. But I have a thought that, when my present labours of the pen are ended, I may go to school again, and refresh my spirits by a little intercourse with the Mantuan and the Sabine bard, and perhaps by a re-perusal of some others, whose works we generally lay by at that period of life when we are best qualified to read them, when, the judgment and the taste being formed, their beauties are least likely to be overlooked.

This change of wind and weather comforts me, and I should have enjoyed the first fine morning I have seen this month with a peculiar relish, if our new tax-maker had not put me out of temper. I am angry with him, not only for the matter, but for the manner

of his proposal. When he lays his impost upon horses he is jocular, and laughs, though, considering that wheels, and miles, and grooms were taxed before, a graver countenance upon the occasion would have been more decent. But he provoked me still more by reasoning as he does on the justification of the tax upon candles. Some families he says will suffer little by it. Why? because they are so poor that they cannot afford themselves more than ten pounds in the year. Excellent! They can use but few, therefore they will pay but little, and consequently, will be but little burdened: an argument which for its cruelty and effrontery seems worthy of a hero: but he does not avail himself of the whole force of it, nor with all his wisdom had sagacity enough to see that it contains, when pushed to its utmost extent, a free discharge and acquittal of the poor from the payment of any tax at all: a commodity being once made too expensive for their pockets, will cost them nothing, for they will not buy it. Rejoice, therefore, O ye penniless! the minister will indeed send you to bed in the dark, but your remaining half-penny will be safe; instead of being spent in the useless luxury of candle-light, it will buy you a roll for breakfast, which you will eat no doubt with gratitude to the man who so kindly lessens the number of your disbursements, and, while he seems to threaten your money, saves it. I wish he would remember that the half-penny which government imposes the shop-keeper will swell to two pence. I wish he would visit the miserable huts of our lace-makers at Olney, and see them working in the



LETTERS

7

winter months, by the light of a farthing candle, from four in the afternoon till midnight: I wish he had laid the tax upon the ten thousand lamps that illuminate the Pantheon, upon the flambeaux that wait upon ten thousand chariots and sedans in an evening, and upon the wax candles that give light to ten thousand card-tables. I wish, in short, that he would consider the pockets of the poor as sacred, and that to tax a people already so necessitous is but to discourage the little industry that is left among us, by driving the laborious to despair.

A neighbour of mine in Silver-end keeps an ass; the ass lives on the other side of the garden-wall, and I am writing in the greenhouse. It happens that he is this morning most musically disposed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me; but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse for my abrupt conclusion.

I send you the goldfinches with which you will do as you see good. We have an affectionate remembrance of your late visit, and of all our friends at Stock.

Believe me ever yours,

• • •

W. C.



8

SELECT READINGS

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

March 29, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It being his majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

Analysis (As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard-side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves.) We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at



the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs, were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked. Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves

very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. (But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not I suppose have been bound to produce them...)

*Mr. Ashburner never wanted
to come into the same light.* (William Cowper.)



LETTERS

11

To MRS. BODHAM.

Weston, Feb. 27, 1790.

MY DEAREST ROSE,

Whom I thought withered, and fallen from the stalk, but whom I still find alive: nothing could give me greater pleasure than to know it, and to hear it from yourself. I loved you dearly when you were a child, and love you not a jot the less for having ceased to be so. Every creature that bears any affinity to my mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her: I love you, therefore, and love you much, both for her sake, and for your own. The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt, had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper; and though I love all of both names, and



have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side.) I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother; and in my natural temper, of which at the age of fifty-eight I must be supposed to be a competent judge, can trace both her, and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability; and a little, I would hope, both of his and of her—I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention, but speaking to *you*, I will even speak out, and say *good nature*. (Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points. The truth is, that whatever I am, I love you all.)

(William Cowper.)

What is the object of the writing



LETTERS

13

TO HIS SON.

London, June 21, o. s. 1748.

DEAR BOY,

Your very bad enunciation runs so much in my head, and gives me such real concern, that it will be the object of this, and I believe of many more letters. I congratulate both you and myself that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to Sir Charles Williams, for informing me of it. Good God! if this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly! Who would have liked you in the one, or have attended to you in the other? Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation, and see what a stress they lay on the gracefulness of it; nay, Cicero goes farther, and even maintains that a good figure is necessary for an orator, and particularly that he must not be *vastus*; that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shows by it that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner. (Men, as well as women, are much oftener led by their hearts, than by their understandings.) The way to the heart is through the senses; please

their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into persuasion that he has a merit, which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first sight it may seem; for if a man has parts, he must know of what infinite consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address: he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. Your figure is a good one; you have no natural defects in the organs of speech; your address may be engaging, and your manner of speaking graceful, if you will; so that, if they are not so, neither I nor the world can ascribe it to anything but your want of parts. What is the constant and just observation as to all the actors upon the stage? Is it not, that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may not happen to have the best voices? They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. (Had Roscius spoken quick, thick, and ungracefully, I will answer for it, that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour.) Words were given us to communicate our ideas by, and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner, as that either people cannot



understand them, or will not desire to understand them.) I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully: for I aver, that it is in your power. You will desire Mr. Harte, that you may read aloud to him every day, and that he will interrupt and correct you every time that you read too fast,* do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak; to articulate very distinctly; and to beg of Mr. Harte, Mr. Eliot, or whomever you speak to, to remind and stop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear, and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct yourself of that shameful trick of speaking faster than you ought. In short, if you think right, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure to speak well. Therefore, what I have said in this and in my last, is more than sufficient, if you have sense; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not: so here I rest it.

(Earl of Chesterfield.)

What does the Earl say
to his son of gracefulness etc.



To HIS SON. 4

London, Jan. 10, o. s. 1749.

DEAR BOY,

I have received your letter of the 31st December, N.S. Your thanks for my present, as you call it, exceed the value of the present; but the use which you assure me that you will make of it, is the thanks which I desire to receive. Due attention to the inside of books, and due contempt for the outside, is the proper relation between a man of sense and his books.

Now that you are going a little more into the world, I will take this occasion to explain my intentions as to your future expenses, that you may know what you have to expect from me, and make your plan accordingly. I shall neither deny nor grudge you any money that may be necessary for either your improvement or pleasures; I mean the pleasures of a rational being. Under the head of improvement I mean the best books, and the best masters, cost what they will; I also mean all the expense of lodgings, coach, dress, servants, etc., which, according to the several places where you may be, shall be respectively necessary to enable you to keep the best company. Under the head of rational pleasures I comprehend, first, proper charities to real and compassionate objects of it; secondly, proper presents to those to whom you are obliged, or whom you desire to oblige; thirdly,



LETTERS

17

22/ a conformity of expense to that of the company which you keep; as in public spectacles, your share of little entertainments, a few pistoles at games of mere commerce, and other incidental calls of good company. The only two articles which I will never supply are, the profusion of low riot, and the idle lavishness of negligence and laziness. (A fool squanders away, without credit or advantage to himself, more than a man of sense spends with both.) The latter employs his money as he does his time, and never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing to himself or others. The former buys whatever he does not want, and does not pay for what he does want. He cannot withstand the charms of a toy-shop; snuff-boxes, watches, heads of canes, etc., are his destruction. His servants and tradesmen conspire with his own indolence to cheat him, and in a very little time he is astonished, in the midst of all the ridiculous superfluities, to find himself in want of all the real comforts and necessities of life. Without care and method the largest fortune will not, and with them almost the smallest will, supply all necessary expenses. As far as you can possibly, pay ready money for everything you buy, and avoid bills. Pay that money too yourself, and not through the hands of any servant, who always either stipulates poundage, or requires a present for his good word, as they call it. Where you must have bills, (as for meat and drink, clothes, etc.) pay them regularly every month, and with your

own hand. Never, from a mistaken economy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is cheap; or from a silly pride, because it is dear. Keep an account in a book, of all that you receive, and of all that you pay; for no man, who knows what he receives and what he pays, ever runs out. I do not mean that you should keep an account of the shillings and half-crowns which you may spend in chair-hire, operas, etc. They are unworthy of the time, and of the ink that they would consume; leave such *minutiae* to dull, penny-wise fellows; but remember in economy, as well as in every other part of life, to have the proper attention to proper objects, and the proper contempt for little ones. (A strong mind sees things in their true proportion; a weak one views them through a magnifying medium, which, like the microscope, makes an elephant of a flea; magnifies all little objects, but cannot receive great ones. I have known many a man pass for a miser, by saving a penny, and wrangling for two-pence, who was undoing himself at the same time, by living above his income, and not attending to essential articles, which were above his *portée*. The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is, to find in everything those certain bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum*. These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good sense and attention can discover; it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. (In manners, this line is good-breeding; beyond it, is troublesome ceremony; short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inatten-



tion. (In morals, it divides ostentatious puritanism from criminal relaxation; in religion, superstition from impiety; and, in short, every virtue from its kindred vice or weakness.) I think you have sense enough to discover the line; keep it always in your eye, and learn to walk upon it; rest upon Mr. Harte, and he will poise you, till you are able to go alone. By the way, there are fewer people who walk well upon that line, than upon the slack-rope; and, therefore, a good performer shines so much the more.....)

Remember to take the best dancing-master at Berlin, more to teach you to sit, stand, and walk gracefully, than to dance finely. The graces, the graces; remember the graces! Adieu.

(Earl of Chesterfield.)

*Summarise the Earl of Chesterfield's
advice on the subject of Education*

ON BOOKS AND STUDY

ON READING

(Books are to Mankind what Memory is to the Individual. They contain the History of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of Nature; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of ennui into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.)

(There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read, we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.)

"Give me," says Fletcher—

"Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,

BCU 1897



Into a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge."

Books have often been compared to friends.
But among our living companions, inexorable Death
often carries off the best and brightest. In books,
on the contrary, time kills the bad, and purifies the
good.

" The wise
(Minstrels or sage) out of their books are clay;
And in their books, as from their graves, they rise
Angels,—that side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us!
We call some books immortal. Do they live?
If so, believe me, Time hath made them pure,
In books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
God wills that nothing evil should endure;
The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
As the dust leaves the disembodied soul." *

Many of those who have had, as we say, all that
this world can give, have yet told us they owed
much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham,
in *The Schoolmaster*, tells a touching story of his
last visit to Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting
in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account
of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother
were hunting in the Park, the hounds were in full

* Bulwer Lytton.

G 3213



cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But said she, "I wist that all their pleasure in the Park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato."

(Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl, he says, "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.")

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. There is a wider prospect, says Jean Paul Richter, from Parnassus than from the throne. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real Nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in the glass."

If a book does not interest us it does not follow that the fault is in the book. There is a certain art



in reading. Passive reading is of very little use. We must try to realise what we read. Everybody thinks they know how to read and write; whereas very few people write well, or really know how to read. It is not enough to read listlessly or mechanically, to run our eye along the lines and turn over the leaves; we must endeavour to realise the scenes described, and the persons who are mentioned, to picture them in the "Gallery of the imagination." "Learning," says Ascham, "teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy shipmaster is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wiser by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness: and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty to one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye

would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no."

The choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. A good book, in the noble words of Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Ruskin in his chapter on the Education of Girls well says, "Let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fount of folly."

To get the greatest amount, I will not merely say of benefit, but even of enjoyment, from books, we must read for improvement rather than for amusement. Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, especially for children, but we cannot live upon it.

Moreover, there are books which are no books, and to read which is mere waste of time; while there are others so bad, that we cannot read them without pollution; which if they were men we should kick into the street. There are cases in which it is well to be warned against the temptations and dangers of life, but anything which familiarises us with evil, is itself an evil.

So also there are others, happily many others, which no one can read without being the better for them. By useful literature we do not mean that only which will help a man in his business or profession.



That is useful, no doubt, but by no means the highest use of books. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance, and the troubles and the anxieties of the world are almost forgotten.

Interruptions at such a time are a positive cruelty, against which Hamerton makes a pathetic protest. "Suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author, an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilisation entirely different from ours. Suppose you are reading the *Defence of Socrates* in Plato, and have the whole scene before you as in a picture: the tribunal of the five hundred, the pure Greek architecture, the interested Athenian public, the odious Melitus, the envious enemies, the beloved and grieving friends whose names are dear to us and immortal; and in the centre you see one figure draped like a poor man, in cheap and common cloth, that he wears winter and summer, with a face plain to downright ugliness, but an air of such genuine courage and self-possession that no acting could imitate it. You are just beginning the splendid paragraph where Socrates condemns himself to maintenance in the Prytaneum, and if you can only be safe from interruption till it is finished, you will have one of those noble minutes of noble pleasure which are the rewards of intellectual toil."

No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and the happier for it. ~~Not~~ merely for the moment, but the memory remains with us: stores of bright and happy thoughts which we can call up when we will.



" Even their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brethren, but one in blood :
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

Bret Harte, describing a scene at a miners' camp
in the far West, says—

" The roaring camp fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health,
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.
Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.
And then while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Has writ of ' little Nell.'
Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall,
The fir-trees gathering closer in the shadow,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with ' Nell ' on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way."

English literature is the birthright and inheritance
of the English race. We have produced and are pro-
ducing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers,
of men of science. No race can boast a brighter,
purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce,
more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride
and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be
too thankful.

Sir John Lubbock.

STUDY

(It seems to be an easy affair to study. There is the room, and there the books, and there the lesson: what more do you want? You want to know how to go to work—*how to study*. The interruptions to study, even when the student has nothing else to do—not a care, not a burden of any kind to trouble him—are numerous and vexatious. Deductions must be made for ill-health, and seasons when the spirits droop, and when there is a total disrelish for study, and a want of courage, by which the mind can be brought up to action; for a total ignorance of the best methods of studying; for the interruptions of companions who have yawned over their own books, till they could make little or nothing out of them and then have come to get sympathy and countenance from others; for the time wasted in reading novels, or other useless books; and, above all, for that natural, inherent iddolence which recoils from the task of rebuking the wandering of the thoughts and bringing them back to their prescribed tasks.) Escaping from home will not relieve the difficulty; neither will removing from one school to another, or changing one college for another. You must make up your mind that no one can go on in a course of study without interruptions from within and from without. Calculate upon this. And it is well that it is so; for, in real life, if you can get two full hours in a week without interruption, you may think



it extraordinary. The mind must form the habit of being checked and interrupted, and of bringing itself back to the point from which it was taken off, and at once pursuing the train of mental operations in which it was engaged. Till this power is obtained, you are not prepared for active life; and in proportion as it is acquired, in that proportion will little hindrances appear to you of little consequence. I propose to make some suggestions in the form of hints, in relation to study, not so much regarding the order of their introduction, as endeavouring not to omit any that are of real importance.

1. *The number of hours of daily study.*

No fixed time can be marked out for all.

This must vary with the constitution of each individual. A mind that moves slowly requires and will bear more time for study. In Germany, the students spend many more hours than we can in this country. I have tried to account for the fact that, with their preposterous habits of eating and indolence, they can study so many hours in a day, and that to extreme old age. Doubtless national habits do something; individual habits do something; but these will not account for it. Many of them will study sixteen hours a day; few of them less than thirteen. We should all die under it! The difference may be attributed to two causes, for the correctness of which I cannot vouch; *viz.*, their mental operations are slower than ours, and their climate is less variable and better adapted to a student's life. Few, in our own country, ever studied half as much as they have, if hours are to be the



criterion. But another remark may here be made. Germany is distinguished for the study of the classics, for the making of lexicons and commentaries, and for studies of such a nature as require diligence and accuracy, but make no very great draft upon the soul. Be this as it may, it is certain that we must do what we do, by way of daily study, in fewer hours; and, in my view, it is vastly better to chain the attention down closely, and study hard, a few hours, than to try to keep it moderately fixed and engaged for a greater length of time. Our most successful students seldom study over six hours in a day. In this I include nothing of recitations, of desultory, half-formed impulses of the mind; but I mean real, hard, devoted study. He who would study six hours a day, with all the attention of which the soul is capable, need not fear but he will yet stand high in his calling. But mark me—it *must be study as intense as the soul will bear*. The attention must all be absorbed; the thoughts must all be brought in, and turned upon the object of study, as you would turn the collected rays of the sun into the focus of the glass, when you would get fire from those rays. Do not call miscellaneous reading, or anything which you do by way of relief or amusement, study; it is not study. Be sure to get as much of your study in the morning as possible. The mind is then in good order.

2. *Have regard to the positions of the body while engaged in study.*

Some men, from early life, habituate themselves to study, sitting at a low, flat table. This ought to

be avoided; for, as you advance in life, that part of the body which is between the shoulders and hips becomes more and more feeble, and consequently the stooping habit is acquired. Few literary men walk or sit perfectly erect. Standing is undoubtedly the best method of study, if you will only begin in this way. In writing, in the study of languages, and most kinds of mathematics, you must be confined to one spot. If you can change positions, and stand a part, and sit a part of the time, it will be well; but the former should preponderate. As you advance in life, you will naturally sit more and more, till the habit becomes fixed. Few men are seen standing at their books after forty years of age. The late talented and lamented Grimke informs us that he uniformly stood, and did most of his studying while walking in his room. If you are composing, or reading, or committing to memory, this position is a desirable one. Be sure you have your table high enough, and keep clear of the rocking-chair, with a writing-leaf on the arm of it. Sitting in such a chair gives the body a twisting position, which is almost sure to lead to poor health, and not unfrequently to the grave. If possible, place your table, the top of which should so slope a little, that the light may fall upon you from behind. This will be a kindness to the eyes. In the evening, it is well to have the lamp shaded, or to have a shade drawn over the eyes. I would hope, however, that you keep your lessons so much in advance, that the necessity of putting your eyes to a severe trial will be avoided. If your eyes are weak, be careful that a glare of light

does not fall upon them; and be sure to wash them in cold water the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. The great desideratum in the choice of positions is, to keep the body as straight as possible. A bending at the chest is by all means to be avoided. Your dress, even to the slipper, should sit as loosely as possible; and the house which is now to stand still, and in which the mind is to labour, should be as easy as it can be, without assuming a position which, by long habit, will court the embrace of sleep.

3. *Let there be no conversation in the hours of study.*

This direction goes on the supposition that you have a room-mate, which is usually the case. A lesson is easily spoiled by being interrupted, every now and then, with some question, raised on that or some other subject. You cannot study to advantage if *any* conversation is allowed in the room. But what if you find a word in your lesson, whose meaning or whose parsing you cannot determine? What is to be done? May you not ask your friend? I reply, No. Keep the room silent. If you wish to review and compare together, then begin a half-hour earlier, and leave off half an hour before reciting, and in this time go over the lesson together. Have the words about which you doubted just marked with a pencil, and then settle their meaning and their relations. This review should not take place till you have each exhausted your own efforts upon the lesson, and until you have definitely settled every word and every sentence.

Some are in the habit of studying aloud together, or in small clubs—a very bad practice. The habit is soon formed, so that the mind refuses to make any efforts alone; and then it becomes necessary to have a constant “Bee” to aid it, just as the partially civilized tribes of the Pacific Ocean refuse even to thatch a cottage unless they have a great company to work together. This cannot be the mode of study through life; and no habit should now be allowed which will be troublesome hereafter. The sagacity and perseverance of our own minds are to be the ultimate resources on which we shall all be obliged to rely. But if the tongue refuses to be silent, and conversation cannot be banished from your room, be careful to have it on the lesson, and on no other subject.

4. *Be thorough in every study.*

(Passing over a field of study has been graphically compared to conquering a country. If you thoroughly conquer *everything* you meet, you will pass on from victory to victory; but if you leave here and there a fort or a garrison not subdued, you will soon have an army hanging on your rear, and your ground will soon need re-conquering. Never pass over a single thing, however minute, or apparently of little consequence, without understanding all that can be known about it.

He who accustoms himself to pass over a word or sentence, or a single point of mathematical inquiry, without thoroughly understanding ~~everything~~ that can be known about it, will soon be known as an inaccurate scholar; will feel but half confident on any subject; and, what is worse, will have acquired

a habit which will for ever make his knowledge vague and uncertain, both to himself and to others. There is such a constant mortification and loss of self-respect attending the habit of going upon the surface, that, were it only for personal comfort, you should be thorough. At the first setting out, your progress will be slower—perhaps very slow; but in the long race before you, you will be the gainer.) How often have I seen a man, with a mind originally bright, chagrined and humbled at his want of accuracy! He makes an assertion, and calls it a quotation from some distinguished author. "Does Burke say so, and advocate that sentiment? I never understood him so," says an accurate listener. He now begins to hesitate—apologizes—says it is a great while since he read Burke, but such is his impression. Has he not fallen in the estimation of every one present, and in his own also? And yet such is the habit fixed upon him, that he will go and again tread over the same ground with hesitating steps.

Two farms may lie side by side; the one may be "run over" by the hand of the cultivator. Here is a poor spot of mowing, and there is a miserable-looking corn-field, and yonder a wretched fern pasture. It covers a great extent of territory, but no part of it is subdued or cultivated. The other farm has its fences in order, its mowing lots all side by side, and its fields, so far as anything is done, perfectly subdued. Every acre that claims to have been subdued will bear a certain, a definite, and a full crop. Is there any doubt which of the two



farms is more profitable, or which method of cultivation is the most wise?

Everything should be understood as far as you go; and never should you allow yourself to think of going into the recitation-room, and there trust to "skinning," as it is called in some colleges, or "phrasing," as in others, or "mouthing it," as in others. No man who regards his reputation as a scholar will ever do this.

One lesson or one book, perfectly and thoroughly understood, would do you more good than ten lessons, or ten books, not half studied. Mr. Evarts read his Greek Testament so thoroughly while fitting for college, that he was in the habit, through life, of readily repeating any passage to which allusion was made. And several of our best scholars committed and recited the whole of Virgil without carrying a book in the recitation-room. One of them, at least, did the same with the whole of Horace.

"When you have a mind to improve a single thought, so to be clear in any particular point, do not leave it till you are master of it. View it in every light. Try how many ways you can express it, and which is shortest and best. Would you enlarge upon it, hunt it down from author to author; some of which will suggest hints concerning it, which, perhaps, never occurred to you before and give every circumstance its weight. Thus, by being master of every subject as you proceed, though you make but a small progress in the number of books which you study, you will make a speedy one in useful knowledge.

To leave matters undetermined, and the mind unsatisfied in what we study, is but to multiply half-notions, introduce confusion, and is the way to make a pedant, but not a scholar."

Some plausible and ingenious things have been said in favour of using translations to Latin and Greek authors. My own observation has not been so extended as that of very many; but so far as it does go, I can unhesitatingly say, that I never knew any other than miserable scholars made by the use of translations. I have seen scholars use a translation of Virgil, another of Horace, and as many as they could get to authors selected in *Græca Majora*; and though they recited smoothly at the time, and perhaps even better than those who dug it all out, yet I am confident that they knew less about Latin and Greek at the end of every year. I am sorry to disturb the feelings of any reader who has a faithful translation carefully put away in his drawer or desk, and at which he now and then so stealthfully peeps; but let him continue to use it, and I will warrant him that soon, though the reason may not be assigned, or even known, he will lose all that respect which belongs solely to a thorough student. I have known those who studied Horace with a translation, and, though they went off "*smartly*" at the time, not able, at the end of two years, to read an ode. "Go to the fountain-head. Read original authors, rather than collect translated and retailed thoughts. It will give you more satisfaction, more certainty, more judgment, and more confidence, when those authors are the subjects of conversation, than you can have by taking your

knowledge of them at second-hand. It is trusting to translations, quotations, and epitomes, that makes so many half scholars so impertinently wise."

Some friend may offer to aid you by translations, or by books interlined with a pen, or by furnishing you with mathematical problems all wrought out. Such kindnesses ought to be shown only to an enemy, whom he would have pursued by his vengeance through life. They are the greatest cruelties which an enemy could possibly invent. If you cannot stand on your own feet, do not borrow crutches which will be taken from you soon, and which will effectually prevent you from ever having strength to walk alone.

5. *Expect to become familiar with hard study.*

(Study, which is hard for one man, is easy for another. Not only so, but the study which is easy to you to-day may be intolerably irksome at another time. This is owing to the difficulty of confining the attention closely. The health being the same, study would at all times be equally agreeable, had we the same command over the attention. But who that has tried it does not know how much easier it is to study on a cold, stormy day in winter, when everything without is repulsive, than on the warm bright day of spring, when all Nature seems to invite you out, and when the soul seems to disdain and rebel against the restraints of study? You must make your calculations to study many hours, and at many seasons when it is disagreeable—when the mind feels feeble, and the body is languid, or is even in pain. — Other things may be seized on by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study.)



(So great is the advantage of being able to confine the attention, that men who have by some unexpected providence lost their sight, have felt willing to exchange all that is beautiful, lovely, and cheering, which the eye drinks in, for the increased power over the attention which this loss gave them. The truly great President Dwight used to consider the loss of his eyes a great blessing to him, inasmuch as it strengthened the power of attention, and compelled him to think. You may point to men, and say, that "this and that distinguished man was not celebrated for scholarship, or anything, unless for stupidity, in his younger days. He had no appointment in college—no rank as a scholar." Not unlikely. But be sure of one thing; and that is, he never became distinguished without, some time or other, passing through a severe course of dry, hard study. He might have omitted this when young; but, if so, the task was harder when he did undertake to perform it. But undertake it he must, and he did.)

The remarks of the lamented Wirt should be treasured up by every student. A few of the points upon which he touches are so much to my purpose, that I should do injustice to my reader not to quote them. "*Take it for granted that there is no excellence without great labour.* No mere aspirations for eminence, however ardent, will do the business. (Wishing, and sighing, and imagining, and dreaming of greatness, will never make you great. If you would get to the mountain's top, on which the temple of fame stands, it will not do to stand still, looking and admiring, and wishing you were there. You must



gird up your loins, and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. Laborious study and diligent observation of the world are both indispensable to the attainment of eminence. By the former, you must make yourself master of all that is known of science and letters; by the latter, you must know *man* at large, and particularly the character and genius of your own countrymen. We cannot all be FRANKLINS, it is true; but, by imitating his mental habits and unwearied industry, we may reach an eminence we should never otherwise attain. Nor would he have been the *Franklin* he was, if he had permitted himself to be discouraged by the reflection that we cannot all be *Newtons*. It is our business to make the most of our own talents and opportunities; and, instead of discouraging ourselves by comparisons and impossibilities, to believe all things imaginary possible, as, indeed, almost all things are, to a spirit bravely and firmly resolved.) Franklin was a fine model of a *practical man*, as contradistinguished from a *visionary theorist*, as men of genius are very apt to be. He was great in the greatest of all good qualities—*sound, strong common sense*. A mere bookworm is a miserable driveller; and a mere genius a thing of gossamer, fit only for the winds to sport with. Direct your intellectual efforts principally to the cultivation of the strong, masculine qualities of the mind. Learn (I repeat it) *to think—think deeply, comprehensively, powerfully*; and learn the simple, nervous language which is appropriate to that kind of thinking. Read the legal and political arguments of Chief Justice Marshall, and those of Alexander



Hamilton. Read them, *study them*; and observe with what an omnipotent sweep of thought they range over the whole field of every subject they take in hand—and that with a scythe so ample and so keen, that not a straw is left behind them. Brace yourself up to these great efforts. Strike for this giant character of mind, and leave pettiness and frivolity to triflers. It is perfectly consistent with these Herculean habits of thinking to be a laborious student, and to know all that books can teach. You must never be satisfied with the surface of things; probe them to the bottom, and let nothing go till you understand it as thoroughly as your power will enable you. Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts; for if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you may remain in ignorance. The habits which I have been recommending are not merely for college, but for life. Franklin's habits of constant and deep excogitation clung to him to his latest hour. Form these habits now. Look at Brougham, and see what a man can do, if well armed and well resolved. With a load of professional duties that would of themselves have been appalling to the most of our countrymen, he stood, nevertheless, at the head of his party in the House of Commons, and, at the same time, set in motion and superintended various primary schools, and various periodical works, the most instructive and useful that have ever issued from the British press, for which he furnished, with his own pen, some of the most masterly contributions, and yet found time not only to keep pace with the progress



of the arts and sciences, but to keep at the head of those whose peculiar and exclusive occupations these arts and sciences were. There is a *model of industry and usefulness* worthy of all your emulation."

John Todd.



ON MORALS AND CONDUCT

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

You are now arrived at that age which the law thinks sufficient to make an oath, taken by you, valid in a court of law; let us suppose from fourteen to nearly twenty. And, reserving, for a future occasion, my remarks on your duty towards parents, let me offer you my advice as to the means likely to contribute largely towards making you a happy man, useful to all about you, and an honour to those from whom you sprang.

Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed in your mind, that you have no right to live in this world, that, being of hale body and sound mind, you have *no right* to any earthly existence, without doing *work* of some sort or other, unless you have ample fortune whereon to live clear of debt; and, that even in that case, you have no right to breed children, to be kept by others, or to be exposed to the chance of being so kept. Start with this conviction thoroughly implanted in your mind. To wish to live on the labour of others is, besides the folly of it, to contemplate a *fraud* at the least, and, under certain circumstances, to meditate oppression and robbery.)

(Extravagance in *dress*, in the haunting of *play-houses*, in *horses*, in everything else, is to be avoided, and in youths and young men, extravagance in *dress* particularly. This sort of extravagance, this waste of money on the decoration of the body, arises



solely from vanity, and from vanity of the most contemptible sort. It arises from the notion, that all the people in the street, for instance, will be *looking at you* as soon as you walk out, and that they will, in a greater or less degree, think the better of you on account of your fine dress. Never was notion more false. All the sensible people that happen to see you, will think nothing at all about you; those who are filled with the same vain notion as *you* are, will perceive your attempt to impose on them, and will despise you accordingly; rich people will wholly disregard you; and you will be envied and hated by those who have the same vanity that you have without the means of gratifying it.) Dress should be suited to your rank and station; a surgeon or physician should not dress like a carpenter, but there is no reason why a tradesman, a merchant's clerk or clerk of any kind, or why a shopkeeper or manufacturer, or even a merchant, no reason at all why any of these, should dress in an *expensive* manner. It is a great mistake to suppose, that they derive any advantage from exterior decoration. Men are estimated by other *men* according to their capacity and willingness to be in some way or other useful; and though, with the foolish and vain part of *women*, fine clothes frequently do something, yet the greater part of the sex are much too penetrating to draw their conclusions solely from the outside show of a man; they look deeper, and find other criterions whereby to judge. And, after all, if the fine clothes obtain you a wife, will they bring you, in that wise, *frugality, good sense*, and that sort of attachment



that is likely to be lasting? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing: this always has, it always will and must have, some weight even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not want to be set off by expensive clothes.

As to drunkenness and gluttony, generally so called, these are vices so nasty and beastly that I deem any one capable of indulging in them to be wholly unworthy of my advice; and, if any youth unhappily initiated in these odious and debasing vices should happen to read what I am now writing, I refer him to the command of God, conveyed to the Israelites by Moses, in Deuteronomy, Chap. XXI. The father and mother are to take the bad son 'and bring him to the elders of the city; and they shall say to the elders, This our son will not obey our voice: he is a *glutton* and a *drunkard*. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he die.' I refer downright beastly gluttons and drunkards to this; but indulgence short, *far short*, of this gross and really nasty drunkenness and gluttony is to be deprecated, and that, too, with the more earnestness because it is too often looked upon as being no crime at all, and as having nothing blamable in it; nay, there are many persons who *pride* themselves on their refined taste in matters connected with eating and drinking; so far from being ashamed of employing their thoughts on the subject, it is their boast that they do it. St. Gregory, one of the Christian fathers, says: 'It is not the *quantity* or *quality* of the meat, or drink, but the *love* of it that is condemned;' that is to say, the

indulgence beyond the absolute demands of nature, the hankering after it, the neglect of some duty or other for the sake of the enjoyments of the table.

This *love* of what are called 'good eating and drinking,' if very unamiable in grown-up persons, is perfectly hateful in a *youth*; and, if he indulge in the propensity, he is already half-ruined. To warn you against acts of fraud, robbery, and violence, is not my province; that is the business of those who make and administer the *law*. I am not talking to you against acts which the jailer and the hangman punish; nor against those moral offences which all men condemn; but against indulgences, which, by men in general, are deemed not harmless, but meritorious, but which the observation of my whole life has taught me to regard as destructive to human happiness, and against which all ought to be cautioned even in their boyish days. I have been a great observer, and I can truly say, that I have never known a man, 'fond of good eating and drinking,' as it is called, that I have never known such a man (and hundreds I have known) who was worthy of respect.

Such indulgences are, in the first place, very *expensive*. The materials are costly, and the preparations still more so. What a monstrous thing, that, in order to satisfy the appetite of a man, there must be a person or two at work *every day*! More fuel, culinary implements, kitchen-room what! all these merely to tickle the palate of four or five people and especially people who can hardly pay their way. And, then, the *loss of time*: the time spent in pleasing



the palate: it is truly horrible to behold people who ought to be at work, sitting, at the three meals, not less than three of the about fourteen hours that they are out of their beds! A youth, habituated to this sort of indulgence cannot be valuable to any employer. Such a youth cannot be deprived of his table enjoyments on any account: his eating and drinking form the momentous concern of his life: if business interfere with that, the business must give way. A young man, some years ago, offered himself to me, on a particular occasion, as an amanuensis, for which he appeared to be perfectly qualified. The terms were settled, and I, who wanted the job dispatched, requested him to sit down, and begin; but he, looking out of the window whence he could see the church clock, said, somewhat hastily, 'I cannot stop now, sir, I must go to dinner.' 'Oh!' said I, 'you must go to dinner, must you? Let the dinner, which you must wait upon to-day, have your constant services, then: for you and I shall never agree.' He had told me that he was in *great distress* for want of employment; and yet, when relief was there before his eyes, he could forego it for the sake of getting at his eating and drinking three or four hours, perhaps, sooner than I should have thought it right for him to leave off work. Such a person cannot be sent from home, except at certain times; he *must* be near the kitchen at three fixed hours of the day; if he be absent more than four or five hours, he is ill-treated. In short, a youth thus pampered is worth nothing as a person to be employed in business.

And, as to *friends* and *acquaintances*, they will

say nothing to you; they will *offer* you indulgences under their roofs: but the more ready you are to accept of their offers, and, in fact, the better taste you discover, the less they will like you, and the sooner they will find means of shaking you off; for, besides the cost which you occasion them, people do not like to have *critics* sitting in judgment on their bottles and dishes. *Water-drinkers* are sometimes *laughed at*; but it has always seemed to me, that 'they are amongst the most welcome of guests, and that, too, though the host be by no means of a niggardly turn. The truth is, they give *no trouble*; they occasion *no anxiety* to please them; they are sure not to make their sittings *inconveniently long*; and, which is the great thing of all, their example teaches *moderation* to the rest of the company. Your notorious 'lovers of good cheer' are, on the contrary, not to be invited without *due reflection*; to entertain one of them is a serious business; and as people are not apt voluntarily to undertake such pieces of business, the well-known 'lovers of good eating and drinking' are left, very generally, to enjoy it by themselves and at their own expense.

But, all other considerations aside, *health*, the most valuable of all earthly possessions, and without which all the rest are worth nothing, bids us, not only to refrain from *excess* in eating and drinking, but bids us to stop short of what might be indulged in without any apparent impropriety. The words of ECCLESIASTICUS ought to be read once a week by every young person in the world, and particularly by the young people in this country at this time. 'Eat

modestly that which is set before thee, and *devour* not, lest thou be *hated*. When thou sittest amongst many, reach not thine hand out first of all. *How little is sufficient for man well taught! A wholesome sleep cometh of a temperate belly. Such a man riseth up in the morning, and is well at ease with himself. By surfeit have many perished. He that dieteth himself prolongeth his life.* How true are these words! How well worthy of a constant place in our memories!

(So much for indulgences, in eating, drinking, and dress. Next, as to *amusements*. It is recorded of the famous ALFRED, that he devoted eight hours of the twenty-four to labour, eight to rest, and eight to recreation. He was, however, a king, and could be thinking during the eight hours of recreation. It is certain, that there ought to be hours of recreation and I do not know that eight are too many; but, then observe, those hours ought to be well-chosen, and the *sort* of recreation ought to be attended to. It ought to be such as is at once innocent in itself and in its tendency, and not injurious to health. The sports of the field are the best of all, because they are conducive to health, because they are enjoyed by *day-light*, and, because they demand early rising. The nearer that other amusements approach to these, the better they are. A town life, which many persons are compelled, by the nature of their calling, to lead, precludes the possibility of pursuing amusements of this description to any very considerable extent; and young men in towns are, generally speaking, compelled to choose between *books* on the one hand, or *gaming* and the *play-house* on the other.)



As to gaming, it is always *criminal*, either in itself, or in its tendency. The basis of it is covetousness; a desire to take from others something, for which you have given, and intend to give, no equivalent. No gambler was ever yet a happy man, and very few gamblers have escaped being miserable; and, observe, to *game for nothing* is still gaming, and naturally leads to gaming for something. It is sacrificing time, and that, too, for the worst of purposes. I have kept house for nearly forty years; I have reared a family; I have entertained as many friends as most people; and I have never had cards, dice, nor any implement of gaming, under my roof. The hours that young men spend in this way are hours *murdered*; precious hours, that ought to be spent either in reading or in writing, or in rest, preparatory to the duties of the dawn. Though I do not agree with the base and nauseous flatterers, who now declare the army to be *the best school for statesmen*, it is certainly a school in which to learn experimentally many useful lessons and, in this school I learned, that men, fond of gaming, are very rarely, if ever, trustworthy. I have known many a clever man rejected in the way of promotion only because he was addicted to gaming. Men, in that state of life cannot ruin themselves by gaming, for they possess no fortune nor money: but the taste for gaming is always regarded as an indication of a radically bad disposition; and, I can truly say, that I never in my whole life knew a man, fond of gaming, who was not, in some way or other, a person unworthy of confidence. This vice creeps on by very



slow degrees till, at last, it becomes an ungovernable passion, swallowing up every good and kind feeling of the heart.

(' Show me a man's companions,' says the proverb, ' and I will tell you what the man is ; ' and this is, and must be true : because all men seek the society of those who think and act somewhat like themselves. Sober men will not associate with drunkards, frugal men will not like spendthrifts, and the orderly and decent shun the noisy, the disorderly, and the debauched. It is for the very vulgar to herd together as singers, ringers, and smokers; but there is a class rather higher still more blamable; I mean the tavern-haunters, the gay companions, who herd together to do little but talk, and who are so fond of talk that they go from home to get at it. The conversation amongst such persons has nothing of instruction in it, and is generally of a vicious tendency.) Young people naturally and commendably seek the society of those of their own age; but, be careful in choosing your companions; and lay this down as a rule never to be departed from, that no youth, nor man, ought to be called your friend, who is addicted to indecent talk or who is fond of low society. Either of these argues a depraved taste, and even a depraved heart; an absence of all principle and of all trustworthiness; and, I have remarked it all my life long, that young men, addicted to these vices never succeed in the end, whatever advantages they may have, whether in fortune or in talent. Fond mothers and fathers are but too apt to be overlenient to such offenders; and, as long

as youth lasts and fortune smiles, the punishment is deferred; but it comes at last; it is sure to come; and the gay and dissolute youth is a dejected and miserable man. After the early part of a life spent in illicit indulgences, a man is *unworthy* of being the husband of a virtuous woman; and, if he have anything like justice in him, how is he to reprove, in his children, vices in which he himself so long indulged? These vices of youth are varnished over by the saying, that there must be time for 'sowing the *wild oats*,' and that 'wildest colts make the best horses.' These figurative oats are, however, generally like the literal ones; they are never to be *eradicated from the soil*; and as to the colts, wildness in them is an indication of *high animal spirit*, having nothing at all to do with the mind, which is invariably debilitated and debased by profligate indulgences. Yet this miserable piece of sophistry, the offspring of parental weakness, is in constant use, to the incalculable injury of the rising generation. What so amiable as a steady, trustworthy boy? He is of *real use* at an early age; he can be trusted far out of the sight of parent or employer, while the 'pickle,' as the poor fond parents call the profligate, is a great deal worse than useless, because there must be some one to see that he does no harm. ~~If~~ you have to choose, choose companions of *your own rank in life* as nearly as may be; but, at any rate, none to whom you acknowledge *inferiority*; for, slavery is too soon learned; and, if the mind be bowed down in the youth, it will seldom rise up in the man. In the schools of those best of teachers the



Jesuits, there is perfect equality as to rank in life: the boy, who enters there, leaves all family pride behind him; intrinsic merit alone is the standard of preference; and the masters are so scrupulous upon this head, that they do not suffer one scholar, of whatever rank, to have more money to spend than the poorest. These wise men know well the mischiefs that must arise from inequality of pecuniary means amongst their scholars. They know how injurious it would be to learning, if deference were, by the learned, paid to the dunce; and they, therefore, take the most effectual means to prevent it. Hence, amongst other causes, it is, that their scholars have, ever since the existence of their Order, been the most celebrated for learning of any men in the world.

(In your *manners* be neither boorish nor blunt, but even these are preferable to simpering and crawling. *Be obedient*, where obedience is due; for, it is no act of meanness, and no indication of want of spirit, to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands. In this respect England has been, and I hope always will be, an example to the whole world. To this habit of willing and prompt obedience in apprentices, in servants, in all inferiors in station, she owes, in a great measure, her multitudes of matchless merchants, tradesmen, and workmen of every description, and also the achievements of her armies and navies. It is no disgrace, but the contrary, to obey, cheerfully, lawful and just commands. None are so saucy and disobedient as slaves; and when you come to read history,



you will find that in proportion as nations have been free has been their reverence for laws.]

Hitherto I have addressed you chiefly relative to the things to be *avoided*: let me now turn to the things which you ought to do. And, first of all, the *husbanding of your time*. The respect that you will receive, the real and *sincere respect*, will depend entirely on what you are able to do. If you be rich, you may purchase what is called respect; but it is not worth having. To obtain respect worth possessing you must, as I observed before, do more than the common run of men in your state of life; to be enabled to do this, you must manage well your time; and, to manage it well, you must have as much of the *day-light* and as little of the *candle-light* as is consistent with the due discharge of your duties. When people get into the habit of sitting up merely for the purpose of talking, it is no easy matter to break themselves of it: and if they do not go to bed early, they cannot rise early. Young people require more sleep than those that are grown up; there must be the number of hours, and that number cannot well be, on an average, less than *eight*; and, if it be more in winter time, it is all the better; for, an hour in bed is better than an hour spent over fire and candle in an idle gossip. People never should sit talking till they do not know what to talk about. It is said by the country-people, that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two are worth after midnight, and this I believe to be a fact; but it is useless to go to bed early, and to rise early, if the time be not well employed after rising. In



general, half the morning is *loitered* away, the party being in a sort of half-dressed half-naked state; out of bed, indeed, but still in a sort of bedding. Those who first invented *morning-gowns* and *slippers* could have very little else to do. These things are very suitable to those who have had fortunes gained for them by others; very suitable to those who have nothing to do, and who merely live for the purpose of assisting to consume the produce of the earth; but he who has his bread to earn, or who means to be worthy of respect on account of his labours, has no business with morning-gowns and slippers. In short, be your business or calling what it may, *dress at once for the day*; and learn to do it as *quickly* as possible. A looking-glass is a piece of furniture a great deal worse than useless. *Looking* at the face will not alter its shape or its colour; and, perhaps of all wasted time, none is so foolishly wasted as that which is employed in surveying one's own face. Nothing can be of *little* importance, if one be compelled to attend to it *every day of our lives*; if we *shaved* but once a year, or once a month, the execution of the thing would be hardly worth naming; but this is a piece of work that must be done once every day; and, as it may cost only about *five minutes* of time, and may be, and frequently is, made to cost *thirty*, or even *fifty minutes*; and, as only fifteen minutes make about a fifty-eighth part of the hours of our average day-light; this being the case, this is a matter of real importance. How many a piece of important business has failed from a short delay! And how many thousands of such delays daily

proceed from this unworthy cause! '*Toujours pret!*' was the motto of a famous French general; and pray let it be yours: be '*always ready*'; and never, during your whole life, have to say, '*I cannot go till I be shaved and dressed.*' Do the whole at once for the day, whatever may be your state of life; and then you have a day unbroken by those indispensable performances. Begin thus, in the days of your youth, and, having felt the superiority which this practice will give you over those in all other respects your equals, the practice will stick by you to the end of your life. Till you be shaved and dressed for the day, you cannot set steadily about any business; you know that you must presently quit your labour to return to the dressing affair; you, therefore, put it off until that be over; the interval, the precious interval, is spent in lounging about; and, by the time that you are ready for business the best part of the day is gone.

Trifling as this matter appears upon *naming* it, it is, in fact one of the great concerns of life; and for my part, I can truly say, that I owe more of my great labours to my strict adherence to the precepts that I have here given you, than to all the natural abilities with which I have been endowed for these, whatever may have been their amount, would have been of comparatively little use, even aided by great sobriety and abstinence, if I had not, in early life, contracted the blessed habit of husbanding well my time.

(*Money* is said to be *power*, which is, in some cases, true; and the same may be said of *knowledge*;



but superior *sobriety*, *industry* and *activity*, are a still more certain source of power; for without these, *knowledge* is of little use; and, as to the power which *money* gives, it is that of *brute force*, it is the power of the bludgeon and the bayonet, and of the bribed press, tongue and pen. Superior sobriety, industry, activity, though accompanied with but a moderate portion of knowledge, command respect, because they have great and visible influence. The drunken, the lazy, and the inert, stand abashed before the sober and the active. Besides, all those whose interests are at stake prefer, of necessity, those whose exertions produce the greatest and most immediate and visible effect. Self-interest is no respecter of persons: it asks, not who knows best what ought to be done, but who is most likely to do it: we may, and often do, admire the talents of lazy, and even dissipated men, but we do not trust them with the care of our interests. If, therefore, you would have respect and influence in the circle in which you move, be more sober, more industrious, more active than the general run of those amongst whom you live.

|| *Perseverance* is a prime quality in every pursuit. Yours is, too, the time of life to acquire this inestimable habit. Men fail much oftener from want of perseverance than from want of talent and of good disposition: as the race was not to the hare but to the tortoise, so the meed of success in study is to him who is not in haste, but to him who proceeds with a steady and even step. It is not to a want of taste or of desire or of disposition to learn that we



have to ascribe the rareness of good scholars, so much as to the want of patient perseverance. Grammar is a branch of knowledge; like all other things of high value, it is of difficult acquirement: the study is dry; the subject is intricate; it engages not the passions; and, if the *great end* be not kept constantly in view, if you lose for a moment, sight of the *ample* reward, indifference begins, that is followed by weariness, and disgust and despair close the book. To guard against this result, be not in *haste*; *keep steadily* on; and, when you find weariness approaching, rouse yourself and remember, that if you give up, all that you have done has been done in vain. This is a matter of great moment; for out of every ten, who undertake this task, there are, perhaps, nine who abandon it in despair; and this, too, merely for the want of resolution to overcome the first approaches of weariness. The most effectual means of security against this mortifying result is to lay down a rule to write or to read a certain fixed quantity *every day*, Sunday excepted. Our minds are not always in the same state; they have not, at all times, the same elasticity; to-day we are full of hope on the very same grounds which, to-morrow, afford us no hope at all: every human being is liable to those flows and ebbs of the mind; but, if reason interfere, and bid you overcome *the fits of lassitude*, and almost mechanically to go on without the stimulus of hope, the buoyant fit speedily returns; you congratulate yourself that you did not yield to the temptation to abandon your pursuit, and you proceed with more vigour than ever. Five or six



ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

57

triumphs over temptation to indolence or despair lay the foundation of certain success; and, what is of still more importance, fix in you the *habit of perseverance*.

William Cobbett.

JUSTICE (1)

The street is crowded. People pass in great streams this way and that.

So far as possible it is well that each person should "keep to the right." Such is the custom on the footpaths in England. But if in any country the custom should be "keep to the left," then sensible folk will follow that rule.

In spite of all care, however, accidents happen. Two men collide, hurting each other, or damaging clothes or property. Each may think he is unjustly treated.

If each believes the other man is careless or unjust, a quarrel and a fight may take place.

If both are willing to hear all that is to be said; if both are willing to hear just judgment, even if it goes against their own side, all will be well.

Justice is best done when both sides are willing to be just.

Many centuries ago a young prince came to the throne of Persia.

"It is great to be a king," said he to himself, "and I will show all men, rich and poor, that they must bow to my will."

He was about to become a tyrant.

But by good fortune this evil course was checked.

A wise man spoke to the royal officers and the servants of the palace:—

“ Do no service for the king Bahram bin Bahram till his conduct is more worthy of a good ruler.”

They took his advice. All the high officers stayed away. Carpet-spreaders spread no carpets. Gate-keepers guarded no gates. Table-servants waited at no tables. The king had risen in the morning and found none to do anything for him, and he wandered lonely from room to room.

The wise man entered, and the king greeted him with gladness, but the wise man scarcely said a word.

“ What is the matter? ” asked Bahram bin Bahram.

“ Will you, sir, let me speak my mind? ”

“ Say all you wish, Mobed.”

“ I would like to tell you, sir, of the noble kings that sat on the throne of Persia before you.”

And he told him of their mercy and justice.

“ I understand,” said Bahram bin Bahram. “ I will try to walk in their steps.”

At that moment a band of nobles and chiefs came into the royal chamber, and begged the young king to act as a strong and just ruler should, and he gave them his promise.

Then all served him gladly—secretaries, chamberlains, soldiers, carpet-spreaders, gate-keepers, table-servants and all. The master devoted his strength to his people. His people respected the master.*

In this case the people who collided or ran against each other were the king and his people. One side—

* Mirkhond's *Rauzat-us-safa*, Vol. II, Part I, p. 338.

the king's side—was at first unwilling to do justice, and much trouble followed. But the king's will changed, and then the will of the people changed, and each side tried to be just to the other.

It is said that in old times, when Shadeed was king in Syria, so mild and just was his rule that the wolf hurt not the sheep, and the hawk did not attack the partridge.

And again, the king set a Qazi to judge a certain province of the kingdom, and for a whole year no one came to the Court of Justice to complain against his neighbour. The Qazi told the king he had done no work as judge, and did not deserve payment. But Shadeed insisted that he must be paid.

Not long afterwards two men did come before the Qazi.

"Sir," said one, "I bought a piece of land from this my neighbour, and I found in it a treasure which I had not known of, and therefore had not bought, and so I invited this my neighbour to take the treasure that was his by right and he would not."

"It is true, O judge," said the other, "and I will not take it, for I sold all that land and its contents to my friend."

Thus they strove one against the other, as friend with friend, each wishing to give and neither wishing to take.

The Qazi asked concerning their children, and found that one man had a son and the other a daughter.



"Let the young people be married," said the judge, "and the treasure be given to them; and to it will remain the property of both families."

And this was done.*

How differently things went in this case!

Both sides were eager to be just, and justice was quickly and happily done.

You have heard of the famous people called the Greeks, who made their fatherland of Greece a great name in the history of the world. They set much store by justice. One of the most celebrated men in the history of Greece was Aristides the Just. I will give you an instance of how he earned this noble title.

He summoned another citizen to the Court of Justice in the city of Athens, and accused him of some evil deed—I know not what.

Now Aristides was honoured by all men in that city. His word was believed. Everybody knew him for an honest man.

So when he had stated the case against the accused, the judges on the bench felt sure that nothing more needed to be said.

"We will punish this man," they decided.

You would have thought that Aristides would have been pleased. But no, he knew he was but a mortal man, who might be mistaken, and who might even be unjust. He felt the other side of the case ought to be heard.

* Mirkhond's *Rauzat-us-safa*, Vol. I, Part I, p. 107.

“ No,” he cried, “ you have not listened to the other man. Though he is my enemy, I wish him to have fair play.”

Whether, after hearing the other side, the judges still decided for Aristides, I do not know. But you can understand why the Athenians called him Aristides the Just. He was always willing to see justice done, whether it favoured his own side or went against him.*

If both men in the street desire justice, the quarrel is soon mended, or, indeed, there may be no quarrel at all.

If the king is unjust, the people resist their ruler; and when he is willing to act justly, their hearts incline again towards him.

If two neighbours who differ about the treasure that is hid in the land both desire justice, a way out of the difficulty is found.

If a man accuses another, he should act as a just accuser, and let the other man state his case.

But what shall we say of nations? Suppose two nations have a dispute. In this case, also, we shall admire them if both are willing to come to fair terms.

For example:—

In the summer of the year 1862 a big steamship was built in the docks of Birkenhead, in England, and then sailed out into the wide Atlantic Ocean. At that time a war was going on in America the

* See the *Life of Aristides* in the biographies of Greeks and Romans by Plutarch.



Northern part of the United States fighting against the Southern part. The war was carried on also at sea. Ships that were not warships—that carried corn, or oil or timber or wool—were liable to be stopped by a war vessel and captured.

The steamship which sailed from the Birkenhead docks was paid for with the money of the Southern States. It was called the "Alabama." The captain of the "Alabama" crossed and re-crossed the sea, watching for northern ships. As soon as he saw one, he bore down upon it swiftly and poured shot into it if the people resisted. When he had conquered in the fight, he would take the passengers and the crew from the captured vessel, along with the most valuable goods which it carried, and then he had the vessel blown up. Soon nothing was left of it but broken pieces of wreck floating on the water.

In this way the "Alabama" took and destroyed many ships of the North. At length its dangerous course came to an end. A ship of war met the "Alabama" near the coast of France, and the robber ship was sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The war ended in 1864, and the Northern States were victors.

• Then the Government of the United States said the rulers of England were at fault for letting the "Alabama" be built for use in war, and letting it go from the shores of England to fight against the Northern States, for England was not at war with the Americans. And besides this, there were other causes of dispute between the two countries.



What was to be done? Should England and America go to war? Many people in both countries felt ashamed at the very thought of such a strife. They said the two great nations should let the dispute be settled as if they were two men going before a judge in a court.

And both nations were willing that the question should be so judged. The court was five wise men—one from the United States, one from England, one from Italy, one from Switzerland, one from Brazil. They sat in a room of the town hall of the City of Geneva—a city that stands on the border of a beautiful lake, and under the shadow of the snow-capped Alpine mountains. They were makers of peace. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

They agreed that the rulers of England ought not to have let the "Alabama" leave the docks, and England agreed to pay America 15,500,000 dollars.

One morning the Ambassador of England said with a smile to the Ambassador of the United States:—

"Sir, my country owes your country a little money. Let us settle the account before we have our breakfast."

He handed to him a cheque (or a bank paper) for 15,500,000 dollars. The dispute was ended. These two gentlemen sat down to breakfast together, as friends who had both been willing to have justice done, and were glad the dispute was finished.

The Court of Geneva closed its meetings in September 1872; and on the hill near the city the



boom of the cannon told the world that there was joy in Geneva and in all the world because two nations had nobly kept the peace.*

JUSTICE (2)

A prince walked in the street. A girl passed by and her beautiful face caught his attention. He talked to her and presently asked:—

“What caste are you?”

“I am a Vaisya.”

He went to her father and begged to be allowed to marry the daughter.

“No,” said the father, “for by the laws of Manu, a Vaisya girl may not marry a warrior—a Kshatriya.”

Not long afterwards the father was grieved to hear that the prince had carried away his daughter. He went with tears running down his cheeks and besought the king to punish the doer of wrong.

The doer of wrong was his own son. For all that, he acted justly. He sent an army to seize the evil prince, but the army was beaten.

Then the king himself set out for the field of war, even against his own son.

And all the people praised him, because he did not spare his own child, but played the part of a king who desired to do justice.

What happened next in the war I know not. But whether the king was beaten or was conqueror,

* See R. Lowell Jones, *International Arbitration as a Substitute for War between Nations*.

we should still honour him for his fairness of mind.*

We might say the king was blind and did not see his son. He only saw a man who had done wrong. That is why the ancient Romans made the image of Justice a woman with a bandage over her eyes holding a pair of scales in her hand, so that she might not alter the weights in the scales when she saw a husband, or a son, or a friend. It was the business of Justice to weigh the Right and Wrong for all alike.

So we say justice is blind.

Umar Shaikh of Samarcand, father of the Emperor Baber, was a just man. A caravan of merchants travelled from China to the West, but they were caught in a terrible snow-storm and perished among the hills. Umar Shaikh had it in his power to take all the goods which lay there unprotected. He was at the time in rather poor circumstances. But he ordered that the goods should be left just as they were till the heirs of the dead men came from China next year and claimed the property.†

We have said that justice is blind. So it is. But in another sense justice is very sharp of sight. In the story I have told Umar had never seen the heirs of the dead merchants. They were folk in far away China. But he seemed to see them as if they were holding out their hands asking for what belonged

* *Aryan Anecdotes*, by R. S. Pandayaji.

† *Life of Baber*, by R. M. Caldecott, p. 7.

to them. And Umar made up his mind that these people whom he had never seen should receive justice.

So justice acts justly to people who are out of sight. And so, if you see some article left unguarded—clothing, or books, or parcels, or money, and you know it belongs to some absent person, you will do your best to keep it safe for the owner until he or she can claim it.

You may be sure the Chinese owners of the property would admire Umar for his conduct. All men would agree that he had acted justly.

But all men do not always agree as to what is just.

For instance, the good Brahman.

A Brahman named Vedantachari was a poet who lived in the Dekkan. He and his wife and a disciple retired to a hut and their wants were provided for by seven Brahmans. Now many people admired him and prized his good teaching, and thought he needed more comforts. It was not just, they said, that so great a teacher should have so poor a living. But he was quite contented.

Thus what he thought just they thought unjust. They slipped pieces of gold or silver among the rice which they brought for his meals, and perhaps he did not see the money till his friends were gone. But if he or his wife saw the coins they threw them away.* Which shall we say was right? I think we will say both sides were right. We admire the good

* *Dekkan Poets*, by C. V. Ramaswamie, pp. 49-50.

Brahman because he did not grasp in a greedy way at people's gifts. We also admire the people who felt that he deserved payment for his wise teaching. Both he and they desired justice, though they did not see it in the same way.

But you and I may think one thing one day and another thing another day. We may be happy one day and sad another day, and when we are happy we may be more ready to be just.* And is that right?

In the old town of Karur there ruled a king called Savichar. He was a very just man. So righteous was he that old legends say no stone that was thrown up fell down; no crow sipped the newly drawn milk; the lion and the buffalo drank from the same pool; and peace and gentleness held sway in all the land. Yet his fate was marked by sorrow. He had no son, and it grieved him greatly.

But his grief did not make his temper sour. His rule was upright; his desire was for the good of all his folk. There was sadness in the palace, but law and order in the length and breadth of Savichar's land. He did at length obtain his heart's desire, and his queen bore a prince. But you see that all the time he waited, and sad though his heart was, he acted justly towards his people.*

We should therefore be just whether we are happy or sad. A teacher or a magistrate who was

* *Southern India Folklore*, by Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri, p. 35.

just when happy and unjust when in a bad temper would not be a good teacher or a good magistrate. I am sure it is right to say that, for I am a teacher myself.

But can we always get justice? Do your companions always treat you justly? I fear not. And what is to be done if we are treated unjustly?

You will remember how the five noble princes, the Pandava brothers, were living for a time in disguise at the court of the aged Virata, King of the Matsyas. None knew that they were great and mighty lords, for they seemed but servants; and Draupadi was a waiting woman for the time; none seeing her true glory as a queen.

One day a bad-hearted man, Kichaka, had insulted Draupadi, and she fled from his evil look, and he followed her and kicked her in the presence of the King Virata and the courtiers.

Bhima stood by and saw and his heart burned at the sight of the injustice. But he must not interfere, for the hour was not yet come to discover his true name and person and rank. But it was hard to see the wrong and be silent. Yudhisthira, his brother, had very great trouble to hold Bhima back. Bhima was like a mad elephant, ready to rush upon the foe. His brother begged him to be quiet, to wait and to bear the sorrow and wrong a while longer.

And then the moment would come when the evil-doer would be punished as he deserved. But justice must wait its time.* For the human heart

* *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. III.



hates injustice. Even bad men do not like to be unjustly treated themselves. And so as time goes on, the wrong thing is hated by more and more hearts until the feeling against it is like a flood and sweeps it away.

There was a time when negroes were kept in slavery in many countries. The time was long before the wrong was ended; but little by little the souls of the white race felt the shame of it more and more, and at last the injustice of slavery was swept away.

Why were the negroes treated unjustly? Because they were of a different race and colour. Are there other differences among men? Yes. There are differences in their thought of God; in their modes of prayer and worship; in their religion.

And how ought we to act towards those who are not of our religion? I will tell you how the Emperor Akbar acted.

The great Emperor Akbar had conquered in many wars, had taken many castles, and was lord of much wealth. It was easy for him to deal out death to enemies, or to oppress any that he disliked. But he desired to be just. He was fair in dealings towards folk of all religious faiths. At the city of Fathpur he built two houses of rest—one for the Hindu yogis and one for the Muhammadan fakirs.

He built shelters for the poor, and for travellers, and the stewards of these places were told to give food and drink and rest to all who came and asked, no matter what was their religion.*

* Noer's *Emperor Akbar*, Vol. I, p. 294.



We will look back on what we have learned.

1. Justice is blind to this or that person, and does what is right, no matter who or what is to be weighed in the scales.
2. Justice thinks of what is due to persons unseen.
3. People may not always agree as to what is just, but it is good when all *wish* to be just.
4. We should treat people fairly whether we ourselves are happy or sad.
5. Human hearts love justice, and sooner or later men show their hatred of wrong and their pleasure in the right.
6. We should be just to people who worship according to other religions than our own.

Beautiful is the starry heaven. But, said a wise Greek proverb, "Neither the evening star nor the morning star is so beautiful as justice."

F. J. Gould.

ON COURAGE *

I was asked the other day to send to a new magazine a statement as to the event of the war which had made the deepest impression on me. Without hesitation I selected the remarkable Christmas demonstrations in Flanders. Here were men who for weeks and months past had been engaged in the task of stalking each other and killing each other, and suddenly under the influence of a common memory, they repudiate the whole gospel of war and declare the gospel of brotherhood. Next day they began killing each other again as the obedient instruments of governments they do not control and of motives they do not understand. But the fact remains. (It is a beam of light in the darkness, rich in meaning and hope.)

But if I were asked to name the instance of individual action which had most impressed me I should find the task more difficult. Should I select something that shows how war depraves, or something that shows how it ennobles? If the latter I think I would choose that beautiful incident of the sailor on the *Formidable*.

He had won by ballot a place in one of the boats. The ship was going down, but he was to be saved. One pictures the scene: The boat is waiting to take him to the shore and safety. He

* By kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London.



looks at the old comrades who have lost in the ballot and who stand there doomed to death. He feels the passion for life surging within him. He sees the cold, dark sea waiting to engulf its victims. And in that great moment—the greatest moment that can come to any man—he makes the triumphant choice. He turns to one of his comrades. “You’ve got parents,” he says, “I haven’t.” (And with that word—so heroic in its simplicity—he makes the other take his place in the boat and signs his own death warrant.)

I see him on the deck among his doomed fellows, watching the disappearing boat until the final plunge comes and all is over. The sea never took a braver man to its bosom. “Greater love hath no man than this.....”

Can you read that story without some tumult within you—without feeling that humanity itself is ennobled by this great act and that you are, in some mysterious way, better for the deed? That is the splendid fruit of all such sublime sacrifice. It enriches the whole human family. (It makes us lift our heads with pride that we are men—that there is in us at our best this noble gift of valiant unselfishness, this glorious prodigality that spends life itself for something greater than life.) If we had met this nameless sailor we should have found him perhaps a very ordinary man, with plenty of failings, doubtless, like the rest of us, and without any idea that he had in him the priceless jewel beside which crowns and coronets are empty baubles. He was something greater than he knew.



How many of us could pass such a test? What should I do? What would you do? We neither of us know, for we are as great a mystery to ourselves as we are to our neighbours. Bob Acres said he found that "a man may have a deal of valour in him without knowing it," and it is equally true that a man may be more chicken-hearted than he himself suspects. Only the occasion discovers of what stuff we are made—whether we are heroes or cowards, saints or sinners. (A blustering manner will not reveal the one any more than a long face will reveal the other.)

The merit of this sailor's heroism was that it was done with calculation—in cold blood, as it were, with that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" of which Napoleon spoke as the real thing. Many of us could do brave things in hot blood, with a sudden rush of the spirit, who would fail if we had time, as this man had, to pause and think, to reckon, to doubt, to grow cold and selfish. (The merit of his deed is that it was an act of physical courage based on the higher quality of moral courage.)

✓ Nor because a man fails in the great moment is he necessarily all a coward. Mark Twain was once talking to a friend of mine on the subject of courage in men, and spoke of a man whose name is associated with a book that has become a classic. "I knew him well," he said, "and I knew him as a brave man. Yet he once did the most cowardly thing I have ever heard of any man. He was in a shipwreck, and as the ship was going down he

n. 24

discuss



snatched a lifebelt from a woman passenger and put it on himself. He was saved, and she was drowned. And in spite of that frightful act I think he was not a coward. I know there was not a day of his life afterwards when he would not willingly and in cold blood have given his life to recall that shameful act."

In this case the failure was not in moral courage, but in physical courage. He was demoralised by the peril, and the physical coward came uppermost. If he had had time to recover his moral balance he would have died an honourable death. It is no uncommon thing for a man to have in him the elements both of the hero and the coward. You remember that delightful remark of Mrs. Disraeli, one of the most characteristic of the many quaint sayings attributed to that strange woman. "Dizzy," she said, "has wonderful moral courage, but no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath." It is a capital illustration of that conflict of the coward and the brave man that takes place in most of us. Dizzy's moral courage carried him to the bath, but there his physical courage failed him. He could not pull the string that administered the cold shock. (The bathroom is rich in such secrets, and life teems with them.)

The true hero is he who unites the two qualities. The physical element is the more plentiful. (For one man who will count the cost of sacrifice and having counted it, pay the price with unfaltering heart, there are many who will answer the sudden call to meet peril with swift defiance.) The courage

exp

that snatches a comrade from under the guns of the enemy or a child from the flames is, happily, not uncommon. It is inspired by an impulse that takes men out of themselves and by a certain spirit of challenge to fate that every one with a sporting instinct loves to take. But the act of the sailor of the *Formidable* was a much bigger thing. Here was no thrill of gallantry and no sporting risk. (He dealt in cold certainties: the boat and safety; the ship and death; his life or the other's.) And he thought of his comrade's old parents at home and chose death. fesh

It was a great end. I wonder whether you or I would be capable of it. (I would give much to feel that I could answer in the affirmative—that I could take my stand on the spiritual plane of that unknown sailor.) exp



STORIES

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart and all other sounds of rural labour are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm.

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

exp/ Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; ever restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

During my recent residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles; its mouldering monuments; its dark

oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy aristocratic neighbourhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. (When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of choir.)

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery.

The church was surrounded by yew-trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it ~~would~~ appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the



surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise



her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her

25

years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation. *perp*

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm than on her good man’s; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in his employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn

nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness, and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knee before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

(There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy.) Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure



to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity :—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him inspite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.)

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight ; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him ; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. (I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted ; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.)

The next Sunday, I was at the village church ; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning, for her son ; and nothing could be more

touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty : a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. (When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.)

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. (It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave.) In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

Washington Irving.



*Sketch the character of Rip van Winkle
to his wife and to his neighbours.
Give an account of the experiences of
Winkle on the Catskill mountain just before
twenty years sleep.*

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKER-
BOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,

From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre——

CARTWRIGHT.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favourite topics, whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch Family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

*What were the changes that Rip van Winkle
noticed in his village on his Return.*

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labours. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbours and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated, by critics, it is still held dear by many folk whose good opinion is well worth having, particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dis-
 membered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. (When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.)

disjoined

in bold
 ref with
 irant lines
 against
 evening
 which act
 background
 on hills

enchanted
 and brown
 colours

Analysis



perceived from a distance.
Anal. (At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.) It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks. *thin line*

earliest colonists windows with a net work of crossed bars. In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christiana. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, *look a queer heroic temper*



doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, (and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering.)

(A termagant wife, may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.)

(Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.) The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild

made
troubles
distress
one life
ligious
courses

analyse

Chats

dering
autum
highly
arned

defect

will
which
did not
longer

ding
difficulty

a lecture
admire
tered
by the
wife to
husband
when the
are in
domestic
disputes

in thank
fear of
punish
ment
close
attention

a gentle
bitter

pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.



(Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.) If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a

went weeping and crawling about the house as if were

gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation. *hurry.*

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; *a tart* temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this *junto* were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving

sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy

constantly
*consider-
force
energy.*
defied them
openly
emptied
ding
passion



truly mistress, leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart. *it. reciprocated*

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands. *2 mo*

valley On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valley; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh *piece*



when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle. *meeting*

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it. ✓

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knee. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this

go singe
by cask



new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

*short
leaved*

*short to
vice*

*my
Disce
free com*

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets. others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist



entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them (The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.)

ex *Analysed* What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed.) Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

odd As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him, with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound *drank of* silence, and then returned to their game.



By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock wormeaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He



whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only



high position
answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. mock

promoted
As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. in all without
The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! ↓

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his

familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone.



A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently

about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle. inb
n.

✓ The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" n Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers ("A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!") It was with great difficulty that



the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

narrator
Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to



ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair
“Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three.
“Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder,
leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end;
“I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”)

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she, “hush, you little fool; the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child,

the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-



noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. (Rip, in fact was no politician; the changes



26. of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. (Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.)

Washington Irving.

Amib
me a description of the Katskill mountain
and the village at the foot of these mountains
as you have read it in 'Rip Van Winkle.'

ROSAMUND GRAY

A TALE.

A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk—I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon—after a slight breakfast at my inn—where I was mortified to perceive, the old landlord did not know me again—(old Thomas Billet—he has often made angle rods for me when a child)—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood—I felt like a child—I prayed like one—it seemed as though old times were to return again—I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew—but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited, by turns, every chamber—they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold—I touched the keys—I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music—blended with a

sense of unreality, which at last became too powerful—I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house—we called it the *Wilderness*. A well-known form was missing, that used to meet me in this place—it was thine, Ben Moxam—the kindest, gentlest, politest, of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles, without a soft speech, and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing, for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam—that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot, to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir trees.—I remember them sweeping to the ground.

I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place—its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking, which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this *Wilderness* I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood—the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all was as I had left it—my heart softened at the sight—it seemed, as though my character had been suffering a *change*, since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead—I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet

voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my friends, and I knew not where he had laid them. I paced round the wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed, that I might be restored to that state of innocence, in which I had wandered in those shades.

Methought, my request was heard—for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still, as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father—and, extravagantly, put off the shoes from my feet—for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long—and I returned with languid feelings to my Inn. I ordered my dinner—green peas and sweet bread—it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon table—but, when it came, I could scarce eat a mouthful—my tears choked me. I called for wine—I drank a pint and a half of red wine—and not till then had I dared to visit the church-yard, where my parents were interred.

The cottage lay in my way—Margaret had chosen it for that very reason, to be near the church—for the old lady was regular in her attendance on public worship—I passed on—and in a moment found myself among the tombs.

I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again—my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending—a plain stone

was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it—for they both occupied one grave.

I prostrated myself before the spot—I kissed the earth that covered them—I contemplated, with gloomy delight, the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs—and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer—for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects.—Still I continued in the church-yard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity, which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy.

(I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children—what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? (or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their life-time, discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely?—) (Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man was not with the dead.*) It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it.)

Charles Lamb.

MY FRIEND JACK*

My friend Jack is a retriever—very black, very curly, perfect in shape, but just a retriever; and he is really not my friend, only he thinks he is, which comes to the same thing. So convinced is he that I am his guide, protector, and true master, that if I were to give him a downright scolding or even a thrashing he would think it was all right and go on just the same. His way of going on is to make a companion of me whether I want him or not. I do not want him, but his idea is that I want him very much. I bitterly blame myself for having made the first advances, although nothing came of it except that he growled. I met him in a Cornish village in a house where I stayed. There was a nice kennel there, painted green, with a bed of clean straw and an empty plate which had contained his dinner, but on peeping in I saw no dog. Next day it was the same, and the next, and the day after that; then I inquired about it—Was there a dog in that house or not? Oh, yes, certainly there was: Jack, but a very independent sort of dog. On most days he looked in, ate his dinner and had a nap on his straw, but he was not what you would call a home-keeping dog.

One day I found him in, and after we had looked for about a minute at each other, I squatting before

• * By kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.

the kennel, he with chin on paws pretending to be looking through me at something beyond, I addressed a few kind words to him, which he received with the before-mentioned growl. I pronounced him a surly brute and went away. It was growl for growl. Nevertheless I was well pleased at having escaped the consequences which might have resulted from my thoughtlessness in speaking kindly to him. I am not a "doggy" person nor even a canophilist.* The purely parasitic or degenerate pet dog moves me to compassion, but the natural vigorous outdoor dog I fear and avoid because we are not in harmony; consequently I suffer and am a loser when he forces his company on me. The outdoor world I live in is not the one to which a man goes for a constitutional, with a dog to save him from feeling lonely, or, if he has a gun, with a dog to help him kill something. It is a world which has sound in it, distant cries and penetrative calls, and low mysterious notes, as of insects and cornercrakes, and frogs chirping and of grasshopper warblers—sounds like wind in the dry sedges. And there are also sweet and beautiful songs; but it is a very quiet world where creatures move about subtly, on wings, on polished scales, on softly padded feet—rabbits, foxes, stoats, weasels, and voles and birds and lizards and adders and slow-worms, also beetles and dragon-flies. Many are at enmity with each other, but on account of their quietude there is no disturbance, no outcry and rushing into hiding.

* Canophilist—Dog-lover; the correct form would be cynophilist.



And having acquired this habit from them I am able to see and be with them. The sitting bird, the frolicking rabbit, the basking adder—they are as little disturbed at my presence as the butterfly that drops down close to my feet to sun his wings on a leaf or frond and makes me hold my breath at the sight of his divine colour, as if he had just fluttered down from some brighter realm in the sky. Think of a dog in this world, intoxicated with the odours of so many wild creatures, dashing and splashing through bogs and bushes! It is ten times worse than a bull in a china-shop. The bull can but smash a lot of objects made of baked clay; the dog introduces a mad panic in a world of living intelligent beings, a fairy realm of exquisite beauty. They scuttle away and vanish into hiding as if a deadly wind had blown over the earth and swept them out of existence. Only the birds remain—they can fly and do not fear for their own lives, but are in a state of intense anxiety about their eggs and young among the bushes which he is dashing through or exploring.

I had good reason, then, to congratulate myself on Jack's surly behaviour on our first meeting. Then, a few days later, a curious thing happened. Jack was discovered one morning in his kennel, and when spoken to came or rather dragged himself out, a most pitiable object. He was horribly bruised and sore all over; his bones appeared to be all broken; he was limp and could hardly get on his feet, and in that miserable condition he continued for some three days.



At first we thought he had been in a big fight—he was inclined that way, his master said—but we could discover no tooth marks or lacerations, nothing but bruises. Perhaps, we said, he had fallen into the hands of some cruel person in one of the distant moorland farms, who had tied him up, then thrashed him with a big stick, and finally turned him loose to die on the moor or crawl home if he could. His master looked so black at this that we said no more about it. But Jack was a wonderfully tough dog, all gristle I think, and after the three days of lying there like a dead dog he quickly recovered, though I'm quite sure that if his injuries had been distributed among any half-dozen pampered or pet dogs it would have killed them all. A morning came when the kennel was empty: Jack was not dead—he was well again, and, as usual, out.

Just then I was absent for a week or ten days, then, back again, I went out one fine morning for a long day's ramble along the coast. A mile or so from home, happening to glance back I caught sight of a black dog's face among the bushes thirty or forty yards away gazing earnestly at me. It was Jack, of course, nothing but his head visible in an opening among the bushes—a black head which looked as if carved in ebony, in a wonderful setting of shining yellow furze blossoms. The beauty and singularity of the sight made it impossible for me to be angry with him, though there's nothing a man more resents than being shadowed, or secretly followed and spied upon, even by a dog; so, without considering what I was letting myself in for, I cried out "Jack," and •



instantly he bounded out and came to my side, then flew on ahead, well pleased to lead the way.

"I must suffer him this time," I said resignedly, and went on, he always ahead acting as my scout and hunter—self-appointed, of course, but as I had not ordered him back in trumpet tones and hurled a rock at him to enforce the command, he took it that he was appointed by me. He certainly made the most of his position; no one could say that he was lacking in zeal. He scoured the country to the right and left and far in advance of me, crashing through furze thickets and splashing across bogs and streams, spreading terror where he went and leaving nothing for me to look at. So it went on until after one o'clock, when, tired and hungry, I was glad to go down into a small fishing cove to get some dinner in a cottage I knew, Jack threw himself down on the floor and shared my meal, then made friends with the fisherman's wife and got a second meal of saffron cake which, being a Cornish dog, he thoroughly enjoyed.

The second half of the day was very much like the first, altogether a blank day for me, although a very full one for Jack, who had filled a vast number of wild creatures with terror, furiously hunted a hundred or more, and succeeded in killing two or three.

Jack was impossible, and would never be allowed to follow me again. So I sternly said and so I thought, but when the time came and I found him waiting for me, his brown eyes bright with joyful anticipation, I could not scowl at him and thunder

out No! I could not help putting myself in his place. For here he was, a dog of boundless energy who must exercise his powers or be miserable, with nothing in the village for him except to witness the not very exciting activities of others; and that, I discovered, had been his life. He was mad to do something, and because there was nothing for him to do, his time was mostly spent in going about the village to keep an eye on the movements of the people, especially of those who did the work, always with the hope that his services might be required in some way by some one. He was grateful for the smallest crumbs, so to speak. House-work and work about the house—milking, feeding the pigs, and so on—did not interest him, nor would he attend the labourers in the fields. Harvest-time would make a difference; now it was ploughing, sowing, and hoeing with nothing for Jack. But he was always down at the fishing cove to see the boats go out or come in and join in the excitement when there was a good catch. It was still better when the boat went with provisions to the lighthouse, or to relieve the keeper, for then Jack would go too, and if they would not have him he would plunge into the waves and swim after it until the sails were hoisted and it flew like a great gull from him and he was compelled to swim back to land. If there was nothing else to do he would go to the stone quarry and keep the quarrymen company, sharing their dinner and hunting away the cows and donkeys that came too near. Then at six o'clock he would turn up at the cricket-field, when a few young enthusiasts would always attend to practise after working hours.



Living this way Jack was, of course, known to everybody—as well known as the burly parson, the tall policeman, and the lazy girl who acted as postman and strolled about the parish once a day delivering the letters. When Jack trotted down the village street he received as many greetings as any human inhabitant—"Hullo, Jack!" or "Morning, Jack," or "Where be going, Jack?"

But all this variety, and all he could do to fit himself into and be a part of the village life and fill up his time, did not satisfy him. Happiness for Jack was out on the moor—its lonely wet thorny places, pregnant with fascinating scents, not of flowers and odorous herbs, but of alert, warmblooded, and swift-footed creatures. And I was going there—would I, could I, be so heartless as to refuse to take him?

You see that Jack, being a dog, could not go there alone. He was a social being, by instinct as well as training, dependent on others, or on the one who was his head and master. His human master, or the man who took him out and spoke to him in a tone of authority, represented the head of the pack—the leading dog for the time being, albeit a dog that walked on his hind-legs and spoke a bow-wow dialect of his own.

I thought of all this and of many things besides. The dog, I remembered, was taken by man out of his own world and thrust into one where he can never adapt himself perfectly to the conditions, and it was consequently nothing more than simple justice on my part to do what I could to satisfy his desire, even

at some cost to myself. But while I was revolving the matter in my mind, feeling rather unhappy about it, Jack was quite happy, since he had nothing to revolve. For him it was all settled and done with. Having taken him out once, I must go on taking him out always. Our two lives, hitherto running apart—his in the village, where he occupied himself with uncongenial affairs, mine on the moor, where, having but two legs to run on, I could catch no rabbits—were now united in one current to our mutual advantage. His habits were altered to suit the new life. He stayed in now so as not to lose me when I went for a walk, and when returning, instead of going back to his kennel, he followed me in and threw himself down, all wet, on the rug before the fire. His master and mistress came in and stared in astonishment. It was against the rules of the house! They ordered him out, and he looked at them without moving. Then they spoke again very sharply indeed, and he growled a low buzzing growl without lifting his chin from his paws, and they had to leave him! He had transferred his allegiance to a new master and head of the pack. He was under my protection and felt quite safe: if I had taken any part in that scene it would have been to order those two persons who had once lorded it over him out of the room!

I didn't really mind his throwing over his master and taking possession of the rug in my sitting-room, but I certainly did very keenly resent his behaviour towards the birds every morning at breakfast-time. It was my chief pleasure to feed them during the bad



weather, and it was often a difficult task even before Jack came on the scene to mix himself in my affairs. The Land's End is, I believe, the windiest place in the world, and when I opened the window and threw the scraps out, the wind would catch and whirl them away like so many feathers over the garden wall, and I could not see what became of them. It was necessary to go out by the kitchen door at the back (the front door facing the sea being impossible) and scatter the food on the lawn, and then go in to watch the result from behind the window. The blackbirds and thrushes would wait for a lull to fly in over the wall, while the daws would hover overhead and sometimes succeed in dropping down and seizing a crust, but often enough when descending they would be caught and whirled away by the blast. The poor magpies found their long tails very much against them in the scramble, and it was even worse with the pied wag-tail. He would go straight for the bread and get whirled and tossed about the smooth lawn like a toy bird made of feathers, his tail blown over his head. It was bad enough, and then Jack, curious about these visits to the lawn, came to investigate and, finding the scraps, proceeded to eat them all up. I tried to make him understand better by feeding him before I fed the birds; then by scolding and even hitting him, but he would not see it; he knew better than I did; he wasn't hungry and he didn't want bread, but he would eat it all the same, every scrap of it, just to prevent it from being wasted. Jack was doubtless both vexed and amused at my simplicity in thinking that all this food which I put on the lawn would

remain there undevoured by those useless creatures the birds until it was wanted.

Even this I forgave him, for I saw that he had not understood that with his dog mind he could not understand me. I also remembered the words of a wise old Cornish writer with regard to the mind of the lower animals: "But their faculties of mind are no less proportioned to their state of subjection than the shape and properties of their bodies. They have knowledge peculiar to their several spheres and sufficient for the under-part they have to act."

Let me be free from the delusion that it is possible to raise them above this level, or in other words, to add an inch to their mental stature. I have nothing to forgive Jack after all. And so in spite of everything Jack was suffered at home and accompanied me again and again in my walks abroad; and there were more blank days, or if not altogether blank, seeing that there was Jack himself to be observed and thought about, they were not the kind of days I had counted on having. My only consolation was that Jack failed to capture more than one out of every hundred, or perhaps five hundred, of the creatures he hunted, and that I was even able to save a few of these. But I could not help admiring his tremendous energy and courage, especially in cliff-climbing when we visited the headlands—those stupendous masses and lofty piles of granite which rise like castles built by giants of old. He would almost make me tremble for his life when, after climbing on to some projecting rock, he would go to the extreme end and look down over it as if it pleased



him to watch the big waves break in foam on the black rocks a couple of hundred feet below. But it was not the big green waves or any sight in nature that drew him—he sniffed and sniffed and wriggled and twisted his black nose, and raised and depressed his ears as he sniffed, and was excited solely because the upward currents of air brought him tidings of living creatures that lurked in the rocks below—badger and fox and rabbit. One day when quitting one of these places, on looking up I spied Jack standing on the summit of a precipice about seventy-five feet high. Jack saw me and waved his tail, and then started to come straight down to me! From the top a faint rabbit track was visible winding downwards to within twenty-four feet of the ground; the rest was a sheer wall of rock. Down he dashed, faster and faster as he got to where the track ended, and then losing his footing he fell swiftly to the earth, but luckily dropped on a deep spongy turf and was not hurt. After witnessing this reckless act I knew how he had come by those frightful bruises on a former occasion. He had doubtless fallen a long way down a cliff and had been almost crushed on the stones. But the lesson was lost on Jack; he would have it that where rabbits and foxes went he could go!

• After all, the chief pleasure those blank bad days had for me was the thought that Jack was as happy as he could well be. But it was not enough to satisfy me, and by and by it came into my mind that I had been long enough at that place. It was hard to leave Jack, who had put himself so entirely in my hands, and trusted me so implicitly. But the weather



was keeping very bad: was there ever known such a June as this of 1907? So wet and windy and cold! Then, too, the bloom had gone from the furze. It was, I remembered, to witness this chief loveliness that I came. Looking on the wide moor and far-off boulder-strewn hills and seeing how rusty the bushes were, I quoted:

The bloom has gone, and with the bloom go I *

and early in the morning, with all my belongings on my back, I stole softly forth, glancing apprehensively in the direction of the kennel, and out on to the windy road. It was painful to me to have to decamp in this way; it made me think meanly of myself; but if Jack could read this and could speak his mind, I think he would acknowledge that my way of bringing the connection to an end was best for both of us. I was not the person, or dog on two legs, he had taken me for, one with a proper desire to kill things: I only acted according to my poor lights. Nothing, then, remains to be said except that one word which it was not convenient to speak on the windy morning of my departure—Good-by, Jack.

W. H. Hudson.

* The bloom is gone, etc.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Thyrsis*, xxix.

THE INCENDIARY

No one that had the misfortune to reside during the last winter in the disturbed districts of the South of England will ever forget the awful impression of that terrible time. The silly gatherings of the misguided peasantry amongst the wild hills, partly heath and partly woodland, of which so much of the northern part of Hampshire is composed—dropping in one by one, and two by two, in the gloom of evening, or the dim twilight of a November morning; or the open and noisy meetings of determined men at noontide in the streets and greens of our Berkshire villages, and even sometimes in the very church-yards, sallying forth in small but resolute numbers to collect money or destroy machinery, and compelling or persuading their fellow-labourers to join them at every farm they visited; or the sudden appearance and disappearance of those large bodies, who sometimes remained together to the amount of several hundreds for many days, and sometimes dispersed, one scarcely knew how, in a few hours; their daylight marches on the high road, regular and orderly as those of an army; or their midnight visits to lonely houses, lawless and terrific as the descent of pirates, or the incursions of banditti—all brought close to us a state of things which we never thought to have witnessed in peaceful and happy England. In the sister island, indeed, we had read of such



horrors, but now they were brought home to our very household hearths; we tasted of fear, the bitterest cup that an imaginative woman can taste, in all its agonizing varieties, and felt, by sad experience, the tremendous difference between that distant report of danger, with which we had so often fancied that we sympathized, and the actual presence of danger itself. (Such events are salutary, inasmuch as they show to the human heart its own desperate self-deceit. (I could not but smile at the many pretty letters of condolence and fellow-feeling which I had received from writers who wrote far too well to feel anything, who most evidently felt nothing; but the smile was a melancholy one—for I recollected how often, not intending to feign, or suspecting that I was feigning, I myself had written such.)

Nor were the preparations for defence, however necessary, less shocking than the apprehensions of attack. The hourly visits of bustling parish officers, bristling with importance (for our village, though in the centre of the insurgents, continued uncontaminated—"faithful amidst the unfaithful found"—and was therefore, quite a rallying point for loyal men and true); the swearing in of whole regiments of petty constables; the stationary watchmen, who every hour, to prove their vigilance, sent in some poor wretch, beggar or matchseller, or rambling child, under the denomination of suspicious persons; the mounted patrol, whose deep "all's well," which ought to have been consolatory, was about the most alarming of all alarming sounds; the soldiers, transported from place to place in carts the better to

catch the rogues, whose local knowledge gave them great advantage in a dispersal; the grave processions of magistrates and gentlemen on horseback; and, above all, the nightly collecting of arms and armed men within our own dwelling, kept up a continual sense of nervous inquietude.

Fearful, however, as were the realities, the rumours were a hundredfold more alarming. Not an hour passed but, from some quarter or other, reports came pouring in of mobs gathering, mobs assembled, mobs marching upon us. Now the high roads were blockaded by the rioters, travellers murdered, soldiers defeated, and the magistrates, who had gone out to meet and harangue them, themselves surrounded and taken by the desperate multitude. Now the artisans—the commons, so to say, of B.—had risen to join the peasantry, driving out the gentry and tradespeople, while they took possession of their houses and property, and only detaining the mayor and aldermen as hostages. Now that illustrious town held loyal, but was besieged. Now the mob had carried the place, and artisans, constables, tradespeople, soldiers, and magistrates, the mayor and corporation included, were murdered to a man, to say nothing of women and children; the marketplace running with blood, and the town hall filled with dead bodies. This last rumour, which was much to the taste of our villagers, actually prevailed for several hours; terrified maidservants ran shrieking about the house, and every corner of the village street realized Shakespeare's picture of "a smith swallowing a tailor's news."

So passed the short winter's day. With the approach of night came fresh sorrows; the red glow of fires gleaming on the horizon, and mounting into the middle sky; the tolling of bells; and the rumbling sound of the engines clattering along from place to place, and often, too often, rendered useless by the cutting of the pipes after they had begun to play—a dreadful aggravation of the calamity, since it proved that among those who assembled, professedly to help, were to be found favourers and abettors of the concealed incendiaries. Oh the horror of those fires, breaking forth night after night, sudden, yet expected, always seeming nearer than they actually were, and always said to have been more mischievous to life and property than they actually had been! Mischievous enough they were, Heaven knows! (A terrible and unholy abuse of the most beautiful and comfortable of the elements, a sinful destruction of the bounties of Providence, an awful crime against God and man.) Shocking it was to behold the peasantry of England becoming familiarised with this tremendous power of evil—this desperate, yet most cowardly sin.

The blow seemed to fall, too, just where it might least have been looked for—on the unoffending, the charitable, the kind; on those who were known only as the labourer's friends, to impoverish whom was to take succour, assistance, and protection from the poor. One of the objects of attack in our own immediate neighbourhood was a widow lady between eighty and ninety; the best of the good, the kindest of the kind. Occurrences like this were in every way

dreadful. They made us fear (and such fear is a revengeful passion, and comes near to hate) the larger half of our species. They weakened our faith in human nature. /ep

The revulsion was, however, close at hand. A time came which changed the current of our feelings—a time of retribution. The fires were quenched; the riots were put down; the chief of the rioters were taken. Examination and commitment were the order of the day; the crowded gaols groaned with their overload of wretched prisoners; soldiers were posted at every avenue to guard against possible escape; and every door was watched night and day by miserable women—the wives, mothers, or daughters of the culprits, praying for admission to their unfortunate relatives. The danger was fairly over, and pity had succeeded to fear.

Then, above all, came the special commission: the judges in threefold dignity; the array of counsel; the crowded court; the solemn trial; the awful sentence; all the more impressive from the merciful feeling which pervaded the government, the counsel, and the court. (My father, a very old magistrate, being chairman of the bench as well as one of the grand jury; and the then high sheriff, with whom it is every way an honour to claim acquaintance, being his intimate friend, I saw and knew more of the proceedings of this stirring time than usually falls to the lot of women, and took a deep interest in proceedings which had in them a thrilling excitement, as far beyond acted tragedy as truth is beyond fiction.) Am

—The Incendiary (ad)



I shall never forget the hushed silence of the auditors, a dense mass of human bodies, the heads only visible, ranged tier over tier to the very ceiling of the lofty hall; the rare and striking importance which that silence and the awfulness of the occasion gave to the mere official forms of a court of justice generally so hastily slurred over and slightly attended to; the unusual seriousness of the counsel; the watchful gravity of the judges; and, more than all, the appearance of the prisoners themselves, belonging mostly to the younger classes of the peasantry, such men as one is accustomed to see in the fields, on the road, or the cricket ground, with sunburnt faces, and a total absence of reflection or care, but who now, under the influence of a keen and bitter anxiety, had acquired not only the sallow paleness proper to a prison, but the look of suffering and of thought, the brows contracted, and brought low over the eyes, the general sharpness of feature and elongation of countenance, which gave an expression of intellect, a certain momentary elevation, even to the commonest and most vacant of human faces. (Such is the power of an absorbing passion, a great and engrossing grief.) One man only amongst the large number whom I heard arraigned (for they were brought out by tens and by twenties) would, perhaps, under other circumstances, have been accounted handsome; yet a painter would at that moment have found studies in many.

I shall never forget, either, the impression made on my mind by one of the witnesses. Several men had been arraigned together for machine-breaking.



person who can bear testimony to the good character of a man

All but one of them had employed counsel for their defence, and under their direction had called witnesses to character, the most respectable whom they could find—the clergy and overseers of their respective parishes, for example—masters with whom they had lived, neighbouring farmers or gentry, or even magistrates—all that they could muster to grace or credit their cause. One poor man alone had retained no counsel, offered no defence, called no witness, though the evidence against him was by no means so strong as that against his fellow-prisoners, and it was clear that his was exactly the case in which testimony to character would be of much avail. The defence had ended and, the judge was beginning to sum up, when suddenly a tall, gaunt, upright figure, with a calm, thoughtful brow, and a determined but most respectful demeanour, appeared in the witnesses' box. He was dressed in a smock frock, and was clean and respectable in appearance, but evidently poor. The judge interrupted himself in his charge to inquire the man's business, and hearing that he was a voluntary witness for the undefended prisoner, proceeded to question him, when the following dialogue took place. The witness's replies, which seemed to me then, and still do so, very striking from their directness and manliness, was delivered with the same humble boldness of tone and manner that characterised the words.

evidence given by character of a man

Judge—"You are a witness for the prisoner, an unsummoned witness?"

"I am, my lord. I heard that he was to be tried to-day, and have walked twenty miles to speak

oxymoron

the truth of him, as one poor man may do of another."

"What is your situation in life?"

"A labourer, my lord; nothing but a day-labourer."

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"As long as I have known anything. We were playmates together, went to the same school, have lived in the same parish. I have known him all my life."

"And what character has he borne?"

"As good a character, my lord, as a man need work under."

It is pleasant to add that this poor man's humble testimony was read from the judge's notes, and mentioned in the judge's charge, with full as much respect, perhaps a little more, than the evidence of clergymen and magistrates for the rest of the accused; and that, principally from this direct and simple tribute to his character, the prisoner in question was acquitted.

To return, however, from my evil habit of digressing (if I may use an Irish phrase) before I begin, and making my introduction longer than my story, a simple sin to which, in many instances, and especially in this, I am fain to plead guilty—to come back to my title and my subject—I must inform my courteous readers that the case of arson which attracted most attention and excited most interest in this part of the country, was the conflagration of

certain ricks, barns, and farm buildings in the occupation of Richard Mayne; and that, not so much from the value of the property consumed (though that value was considerable), as on account of the character and situation of the prisoner, whom, after a long examination, the magistrates found themselves compelled to commit for the offence. I did not hear this trial, the affair having occurred in the neighbouring county; and do not, therefore, vouch for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as one does when an ear-witness; but the general outline of the story will suffice for our purpose.

Richard Mayne was a wealthy yeoman of the old school, sturdy, boisterous, bold, and kind, always generous, and generally good-natured, but cross-grained and obstinate by fits, and sometimes purse-proud—after the fashion of men who have made money by their own industry and shrewdness. He had married late in life, and above him in station, and had now been for two or three years a widower with one only daughter, a girl of nineteen, of whom he was almost as fond as of his greyhound Mayfly, and for pretty much the same reason—that both were beautiful and gentle, and his own, and both admired and coveted by others—that Mayfly had won three cups, and that Lucy had refused four offers.

A sweet and graceful creature was Lucy Mayne. Her mother, a refined and cultivated woman, the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman, had communicated, perhaps unconsciously, much of her own

taste to her daughter. It is true, that most young ladies, even of her own station, would have looked with great contempt on Lucy's acquirements, who neither played nor drew, and was wholly, in the phrase of the day, unaccomplished but then she read Shakespeare and Milton, and the poets and prose writers of the Jameses', and Charleses', times with a perception and relish of their beauty very uncommon in a damsel under twenty; and when her father boasted of his Lucy as the cleverest as well as the prettiest lass within ten miles, he was not so far wrong as many of his hearers were apt to think him.

After all, the person to whom Lucy's education owed most was a relation of her mother's, a poor relation, who, being left a widow with two children almost totally destitute, was permitted by Richard Mayne to occupy one end of a small farm-house, about a mile from the old substantial manorial residence which he himself inhabited, whilst he farmed the land belonging to both. Nothing could exceed his kindness to the widow and her family; and Mrs. Owen, a delicate and broken-spirited woman, who had known better days, and was now left with a sickly daughter and a promising son dependent on the precarious charity of relatives and friends, found in the free-handed and open-hearted farmer and his charming little girl her only comfort. He even restored to her the blessing of her son's society, who had hitherto earned his living by writing for an attorney in the neighbouring town, but whom her wealthy kinsman now brought home to her, and established as the present assistant and future



successor, of the master of a well-endowed grammar-school in the parish, Farmer Mayne being one of the trustees, and all-powerful with the other functionaries joined in the trust, and the then school-master in so wretched a state of health as almost to insure a speedy vacancy. ✓

In most instances, such an exertion of an assumed rather than a legitimate authority, would have occasioned no small prejudice against the party protected; (but Philip Owen was not to be made unpopular, even by the unpopularity of his patron, Gentle, amiable, true, and kind—both in word and deed—it was found absolutely impossible to dislike him. He was clever, too, very clever, with a remarkable aptitude for teaching, as both parents and boys soon found to their mutual satisfaction; for the progress of one half-year of his instruction equalled that made in a twelvemonth under the old *regimé*. He must also, one should think, have been fond of teaching, for, after a hard day's fagging at Latin and English, and writing and accounts, and all the drudgery of a boys' school, he would make a circuit of a mile and a half home in order to give Lucy Mayne a lesson in French or Italian. (For a certainty, Philip Owen must have had a strong natural turn for playing the pedagogue, or he never would have gone so far out of his way just to read Fenelon and Alfieri with Lucy Mayne.)

So for two happy years matters continued. (At the expiration of that time, just as the old school-master, who declared that nothing but Philip's attention had kept him alive so long, was evidently

on his death-bed, Farmer Mayne suddenly turned Mrs. Owen, her son, and her sick daughter out of the house, which, by his permission they had hitherto occupied; and declared publicly that whilst he held an acre of land in the parish, Philip Owen should never be elected master of the grammar-school—a threat which there was no doubt of his being able to carry into effect.) The young man, however, stood his ground; and sending off his mother and sister to an uncle in Wales, who had lately written kindly to them, hired a room at a cottage in the village, determined to try the event of an election, which the languishing state of the incumbent rendered inevitable.

The cause of Farmer Mayne's inveterate dislike to one whom he had so warmly protected, and whose conduct, manners, and temper had procured him friends wherever he was known, nobody could assign with any certainty. Perhaps he had unwittingly trodden on Mayfly's foot, or had opposed some prejudice of her master's, but his general carefulness not to hurt anything, or offend anybody, rendered either of these conjectures equally improbable; perhaps he had been found only too amiable by the farmer's other pet—those lessons in languages were dangerous things!—and when Lucy was seen at church with a pale face and red eyes, and when his landlord Squire Hawkins's blood hunter was seen every day at Farmer Mayne's door, it became currently reported and confidently believed that the cause of the quarrel was a love affair between the cousins, which the farmer was determined to break.



off, in order to bestow his daughter on the young lord of the manor.

Affairs had been in this posture for about a fortnight, and the old schoolmaster was just dead, when a fire broke out in the rickyard of Farley Court, and Philip Owen was apprehended and committed as the incendiary. The astonishment of the neighbourhood was excessive; the rector and half the farmers of the place offered to become bail, but the offence was notailable; and the only consolation left for the friends of the unhappy young man was the knowledge that the trial would speedily come on, and their internal conviction that an acquittal was certain.

As time wore on, however, their confidence diminished. The evidence against him was terribly strong. He had been observed lurking about the rickyard with a lantern, in which a light was burning by a lad in the employ of Farmer Mayne, who had gone thither for hay to fodder his cattle about an hour before the fire broke out. At eleven o'clock the hay-stack was on fire, and at ten Robert Doyle had mentioned to James White, another boy in Farmer Mayne's service, that he had seen Mr. Philip Owen behind the great rick, Farmer Mayne himself had met him at half-past ten (as he was returning from B. market) in the lane leading from the rickyard towards the village, and had observed him throw something he held in his hand into the ditch. Humphry Harris, a constable employed to seek for evidence, had found the next morning a lantern answering to that described by



Robert Doyle, in the part of the ditch indicated by Farmer Mayne, which Thomas Brown, the village shopkeeper, in whose house Owen slept, identified as having lent to his lodger in the early part of the evening. A silver pencil, given to Owen by the mother of one of his pupils, and bearing his full name on the seal at the end, was found close to where the fire was discovered; and, to crown all, the curate of the village, with whom the young man's talents and character had rendered him a deserved favourite, had unwillingly deposed that he had said "it might be in his power to take a great revenge on Farmer Mayne," or words to that effect; whilst a letter was produced from the accused to the farmer himself intimating that one day he would be sorry for the oppression which he had exercised towards him and his. These two last facts were much relied upon as evincing malice, and implying a purpose of revenge from the accused towards the prosecutor; yet there were many who thought that the previous circumstances might well account for them without reference to the present occurrence, and that the conflagration of the ricks and farm buildings might, under the spirit of the time (for fires were raging every night in the surrounding villages), be merely a remarkable coincidence. The young man himself simply denied the fact of setting fire to any part of the property or premises; inquired earnestly whether any lives had been lost, and still more earnestly after the health of Miss Lucy; and on finding that she had been confined to her bed by fever and delirium, occasioned, as was supposed, by the fright,

ever since that unhappy occurrence, relapsed into a gloomy silence, and seemed to feel no concern or interest in the issue of the trial.

His friends, nevertheless, took kind and zealous measures for his defence, engaged counsel, sifted testimony, and used every possible means, in the assurance of his innocence, to trace out the true incendiary. Nothing, however, could be discovered to weaken the strong chain of circumstantial evidence or to impeach the credit of the witnesses, who, with the exception of the farmer himself, seemed all friendly to the accused, and most distressed at being obliged to bear testimony against him. On the eve of the trial the most zealous of his friends could find no ground of hope except in the chances of the day; Lucy, for whom alone the prisoner asked, being still confined by severe illness.

The judges arrived—the whole terrible array of the special commission; the introductory ceremonies were gone through; the cause was called on, and the case proceeded with little or no deviation from the evidence already cited. When called upon for his defence, the prisoner again asked if Lucy Mayne were in court; and hearing that she was ill in her father's house, declined entering into any defence whatsoever. Witnesses to character, however, pressed forward—his old master, the attorney, the rector and curate of the parish, half the farmers of the village, everybody in short, who ever had an opportunity of knowing him, even his reputed rival, Mr. Hawkins, who, speaking, he



said, on the authority of one who knew him well, professed himself confident that he could not be guilty of a bad action—a piece of testimony that seemed to strike and affect the prisoner more than anything that had passed; (evidence to character crowded into court, but all was of no avail against the strong chain of concurrent facts;) and the judge was preparing to sum up, and the jury looking as if they had already condemned, when suddenly a piercing shriek was heard in the hall, and pale, tottering, dishevelled, Lucy Mayne rushed into her father's arms, and cried out with a shrill, despairing voice that "she was the only guilty one; that she had set fire to the rick; and that if they killed Philip Owen for her crime, they would be guilty of murder."

The general consternation may be imagined, especially that of the farmer, who had left his daughter almost insensible with illness, and still thought her light-headed. Medical assistance, however, was immediately summoned, and it then appeared that what she said was most true; that the lovers, for such they were, had been accustomed to deposit letters in one corner of that unlucky hayrick; that having seen from her chamber window Philip Owen leaving the yard, she had flown with a taper in her hand to secure the expected letter, and, alarmed at her father's voice, had run away so hastily, that she had, as she now remembered, left the lighted taper amidst the hay; that then the fire came, and all was a blank to her until, recovering that morning from the stupor succeeding to delirium, she had heard that Philip Owen was to be tried for



THE INCENDIARY

149

his life from the effect of her carelessness, and had flown to save him she knew not how!

The sequel may be guessed: Philip was, of course, acquitted: everybody, even the very judge, pleaded for the lovers; the young landlord and generous rival added his good word; and the school-master of Farley and his pretty wife are at this moment one of the best and happiest couples in his Majesty's dominions.

Mary Russell Mitford.

—
appear account of the riots in South England and
this Mitford in his story 'Incendary.'
Give a summary of the coal's proceedings
connection with the trial of Philip O'w

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING

It was not very quiet in the room where the king lay dying. People were coming and going, rustling in and out with hushed footsteps, whispering eagerly to each other; and where a great many people are all busy making as little noise as possible, the result is apt to be a kind of bustle, that weakened nerves can scarcely endure.

But what did that matter? The doctors said he could hear nothing now. He gave no sign that he could. Surely the sobs of his beautiful young wife, as she knelt by the bedside, must else have moved him.

For days the light had been carefully shaded. Now, in the hurry, confusion, and distress, no one remembered to draw the curtains close, so that the dim eyes might not be dazzled. But what did that matter? The doctors said he could see nothing now.

For days no one but his attendants had been allowed to come near him. Now the room was free for all who chose to enter. What did it matter? The doctors said he knew no one.

So he lay for a long time, one hand flung out upon the counterpane, as if in search of something. The queen took it softly in hers, but there was no answering pressure. At length the eyes and mouth closed, and the heart ceased to beat.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING 145

'How beautiful he looks,' they whispered one to another.

When the king came to himself it was all very still—wonderfully and delightfully still, as he thought, wonderfully and delightfully dark. It was a strange unspeakable relief to him—he lay as if in heaven. The room was full of the scent of flowers, and the cool night air came pleasantly through an open window. A row of wax tapers burned with soft radiance at the foot of the bed on which he was lying, covered with a velvet pall, only his head and face exposed. Four or five men were keeping guard around him, but they had fallen fast asleep.

So deep was the feeling of content which he experienced that he was loth to stir. Not till the great clock of the palace struck eleven, did he so much as move. Then he sat up with a light laugh.

He remembered how, when his mind was failing him, and he had rallied all his powers in one last passionate appeal against the injustice which was taking him away from the world just when the world most needed him, he had heard a voice saying: 'I will give thee yet one hour after death. If, in that time, thou canst find three that desire thy life, live!'

This was his hour, his hour that he had snatched away from death. How much of it had he lost already? He had been a good king; he had worked night and day for his subjects; he had nothing to fear, and he knew that it was very pleasant to live, how pleasant, he had never known before, for, to do him justice, he was not selfish; it was his unfinished work that he grieved about when the decree went

forth against him. Yet, as he passed out of the room where the watchers sat heavily sleeping, things were changed to him somehow. The burning sense of injustice was gone. Now that he came to think of it, he had done very little. True that it was his utmost, but there were many better men in the world, and the world was large, very large it seemed to him now. Everything had grown larger. He loved his country and his home as well as ever, but in the night it had seemed as if they must perish with him, and now he knew that they were still unchanged.

Outside the door he paused a moment, hesitating whither to go first. Not to the queen. The very thought of her grief unnerved him. He would not see her till he could once more clasp her in his arms, and bid her weep tears of joy only because he was come again. After all, he had but an hour to wait. Before the castle clock struck twelve, he would be back again in life, remembering these things only as a dream. He sighed a little to think of it.

'All that to do over again some day,' he said, as he recalled his last moments.

Almost he turned again to the couch he had so lately left.

'But I have never yet done anything through fear,' said the king.

And he smiled as he thought of the terms of the compact. His city lay before him in the moonlight.

'I could find three thousand as easily as three,' he said. 'Are they not all my friends?'

As he passed out of the gate, he saw a child sitting on the steps, crying bitterly.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING 147

‘What is the matter, little one?’ said the sentinel on guard, stopping a moment.

‘Father and mother have gone to the castle, because the king’s dead,’ sobbed the child, ‘and they’ve never come back again; and I’m so tired and so hungry! And I’ve had no supper, and my doll’s broken. Oh! I do wish the king were alive again!’

And she burst into a fresh storm of weeping. It amused the king not a little.

‘So this is the first of my subjects that wants me back!’ he said.

He had no child of his own. He would have liked to try and comfort the little maiden, but there were other calls upon him just then. He was on his way to the house of his great friend, the man whom he loved more than all others. A kind of malicious delight possessed him, as he pictured to himself the deep dejection he should find him in.

‘Poor Amyas!’ he said. ‘I know what I should be feeling in his place. I am glad he was not taken. I could not have borne his loss.’

As he entered the courtyard of his friend’s house, lights were being carried to and fro, horses were being saddled, an air of bustle and excitement pervaded the place. Look where he might, he could not see the face he knew so well. He entered at the open door. His friend was not in the hall. Room after room he vainly traversed—they were all empty. A sudden horror took him. Surely Amyas was not dead of grief?

He came at length to a small private apartment, in which they had spent many a happy, busy hour



together; but his friend was not here either, though, to judge by appearances, he could only just have left it. Books and papers were tumbled all about in strange confusion, and bits of broken glass strewed the floor.

A little picture was lying on the ground. The king picked it up, and recognised a miniature of himself, the frame of which had been broken in the fall. He let it drop again, as if it had burnt him. The fire was blazing brightly, and the fragments of a half-destroyed letter lay, unconsumed as yet, in the fender. It was in his own writing. He snatched it up, and saw it was the last he had written, containing the details of an elaborate scheme which he had much at heart. He had only just thrown it back into the flames when two people entered the room, talking together, one a lady, the other a man, booted and spurred as though he came from a long distance.

‘Where is Amyas?’ he asked.

‘Gone to proffer his services to the new king, of course,’ said the lady. ‘We are, as you may think, in great anxiety. He has none of the ridiculous notions of his predecessor, who, indeed, hated him cordially. The very favour Amyas has hitherto enjoyed will stand in his way at the new court. I only hope he may be in time to make his peace. He can, with truth, say that he utterly disapproved of the foolish reforms which his late master was bent on making. Of course, he was fond of him in a way; but we must think of ourselves, you know. People in our position have no time for sentiment.’

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING 149

He started almost immediately after the king's death. I am sending his retinue after him.'

'Quite right,' said the gentleman, whom the king now knew as one of his ambassadors. 'I shall follow him at once. Between you and me, it is no bad thing for the country. That poor boy had no notion of statesmanship. He forced me to conclude a peace which would have been disastrous to all our best interests. Happily, we shall have war directly now. Promotions in the army would have been at a standstill if he had had his way.'

The king did not stay to hear more.

'I will go to my people,' he said. 'They at least have no interest to make peace with my successor. He will but take from them what I gave.'

He heard the clock strike the first quarter as he went. He was, indeed, a very remarkable king, for he knew his way to the poorest part of his dominions. He had been there before, often and often, unknown to any one; and the misery which he had there beheld had stirred and steeled him to attempt what had never before been attempted.

No one about the palace knew where he had caught the malignant fever which carried him off. He had a shrewd suspicion himself, and he went straight to that quarter.

'Fevers won't hurt me now,' he said laughing. The houses were as wretched, the people looked as sickly and squalid as ever. They were standing about in knots in the streets, late though it was, talking together about him. His name was in every mouth. The details of his illness, and the probable

day of his funeral, seemed to interest them more than anything else.

Five or six men were sitting drinking round a table in a disreputable-looking public-house, and he stopped to overhear their conversation.

'And a good riddance, too!' said one of them, whom he knew well. 'What's the use of a king as never spends a farthing more than he can help? It gives no impetus to trade, it don't. The new fellow's a very different sort. We shall have fine doings soon.'

'Aye!' struck in another, 'a meddlesome, priggish sort of chap, he was, always aworritting us about clean houses, and such like. What right's *he* got to interfere, I'd like to know?'

'Down with all kings! says I,' put in a third; 'but if we're to have 'em, let 'em behave as sich. I like a young fellow as isn't afraid of his missus, and knows port wine from sherry.'

'Wanted to abolish capital punishment, he did!' cried a fourth. 'Thought he'd get more work out of the poor fellows in prison, I suppose? Depend on it, there's some reason like that at the bottom of it. We ain't so very perticular about the lives of our subjects for nothing, we ain't;' an expression of opinion in which all the rest heartily concurred. The clock struck again as the king turned away; he felt as if a storm of abuse from some one he had always hated would be a precious balm just then. He entered the state prison, and made for the condemned cell. Capital punishment was not abolished yet, and in this particular instance he had certainly felt glad of it.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING 151

The cell was tenanted only by a little haggard-looking man, who was writing busily on his knee. The king had only seen him once before, and he looked at him curiously.

Presently the gaoler entered, and with him the first councillor, a man whom his late master had greatly loved and esteemed. The convict looked up quickly.

'It was not to be till to-morrow,' he said. Then, as if afraid he had betrayed some cowardice, 'but I am ready at any moment. May I ask you to give this paper to my wife?'

'The king is dead,' said the first councillor gravely. 'You are reprieved. His present majesty has other views. You will, in all probability, be set at large to-morrow.'

'Dead?' said the man with a stunned look.

'Dead!' said the first councillor, with the impressiveness of a whole board.

The man stood up, passing his hand across his brow.

'Sir,' he said earnestly, 'I respected him. For all he was a king, he treated me like a gentleman. He, too, had a young wife. Poor fellow, I wish he were alive, again!'

There were tears in the man's eyes as he spoke.

The third quarter struck as the king left the prison. He felt unutterably humiliated. The pity of his foe was harder to bear than the scorn of his friends. He would rather have died a thousand



deaths than owe his life to such a man. And yet, because he was himself noble, he could not but rejoice to find nobility in another. He said to himself sternly that it was not worth what he had gone through. He reviewed his position in no very self-complacent mood. The affection he had so confidently relied upon was but a dream. The people he was fain to work for were not ripe for their own improvement. A foolish little child, a generous enemy, these were his only friends. After all, was it worth while to live? Had he not better get back quietly and submit, making no further effort? He had learnt his lesson; he could 'lie down in peace, and sleep, and take his rest.' The eternal powers had justified themselves. What matter though every man had proved a liar? The bitterness had passed away, and he seemed to see clearly.

Thick clouds had gathered over the moon, and the cold struck through him. All at once a sense of loneliness that cannot be described rushed over him, and his heart sank. Was there really no one who cared—no one? He would have given anything at that moment for a look, a single word of real sympathy. He longed with sick longing for the assurance of love.

There were yet a few moments left. How had he borne to wait so long? This, at least, he was sure of, and this was all the world to him. He began to find comfort and consolation in the thought; he forgave—indeed he almost forgot—the rest. Yet he had fallen very low, for, as he stood at the door of his wife's room, he hesitated whether to go in.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING 153

What if this, too, were an illusion? Had he not best go back before he knew?

'But I have never yet done anything through fear,' said the king.

His wife was sitting by the fire alone, her face hidden, her long hair falling round her like a veil. At the first sight of her, a pang of self-reproach shot through him. How could he ever have doubted?

She was wearing a ring that he had given her—a ring she wore always, and the light sparkled and flashed from the jewel. Except for this, there was nothing bright in the room.

He ardently desired to comfort her. He wondered why all her ladies had left her. Surely one might have stayed with her on this first night of her bereavement? She seemed to be lost in thought. If she would only speak, or call his name! But she was quite silent.

A slight noise made the king start. A secret door in the wall opened, the existence of which he had thought was known only to himself and his queen, and a man stood before her.

She put her finger to her lips, as though to counsel silence, and then threw herself into his arms.

'You have come,' she said—'Oh, I am so glad! I had to hold his hand when he was dying. I was frightened sitting here by myself. I thought his ghost would come back, but he will never come back any more. We may be happy always now,' and drawing the ring from her finger, she kissed it, weeping, and gave it to him.

When midnight struck, the watchers wakened with a start, to find the king lying stark and stiff, as before, but a great change had come over his countenance.

'We must not let the queen see him again,' they said.

Mary Coleridge.

THE SELFISH GIANT

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing here?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play.

They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high walls when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there!" they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the



window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always winter there, and the North Wind and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and



laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now,



little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep and that the flowers were resting.



Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet. Ex

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

Ex "Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise." Ex

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Oscar Wilde.



THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD ✓

LETTER XXVI

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY IN CHINA.

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment.

the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite

otherwise with the Man in Black: I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive, that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before: he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in



a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality

and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

LETTER XXVII

TO THE SAME.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to

display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. "If you are fond," says he, "of hearing hairbreadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers, still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned an equivalent in praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of his table: he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself;



and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told, that universal benevolence was what first cemented society: we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress: in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

"I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

"The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed was in the very middling figure I made in the university; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown.

His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutor, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

“ After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

“ To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China; with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him and was so very good-natured.



"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first, I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable: there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission; to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reason to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I constantly applied the observation in my own

favour. She continually talked, in my company, of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp my rival's high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving and resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that, though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility, as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

“ Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment. My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money, when he knew I did not want it. I informed him, that now was the time, to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundred for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. ‘ And pray, sir,’

cried my friend, 'do you want all this money?'—
'Indeed, I never wanted it more,' returned I.—'I am sorry for that,' cries the scrivener, 'with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.'

"From him I flew with indignation, to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. 'Indeed Mr. Drybone,' cried my friend, 'I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see—you want two hundred pounds. Do you only want two hundred, sir, exactly?'—'To confess a truth,' returned I, 'I shall want three hundred; but then, I have another friend, from whom I can borrow the rest.'—'Why, then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice (and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good), I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfaction than I enjoyed at large.

I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money while it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

“ Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other: this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down Heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon a half-penny-worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often for want of more books and company.

“ How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused



by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others was first to aim at independence myself: my immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare: for this alone I deserved to be decreed an ovation.

“ I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunk that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters; and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing



in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

Oliver Goldsmith.



Given account in brief the
experience in the land of the Lib

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be sometime or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physics two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant,



and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to



the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: Let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer,

I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward, over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least

forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of

arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty



of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the others stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatening and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a

mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as

bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither, it was agreed by his Majesty in council, that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture, to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment.

Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows, upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them; and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens, to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the Hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face, and both my hands, with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.



This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrive to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high,

were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised, and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me towards the Metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the Guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready



to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the King's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg, with six and thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on t'other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned, that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I



believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg, were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

Jonathan Swift.

TRAVELS AND VOYAGES

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large

quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted every thing; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading

of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky and a temperate air made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for the human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do

but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut: and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order

to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example, that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own expression, "I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

Richard Steele.

A WHITE MAN'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS

Night and day we sailed steadily on, occasionally sighting sharks and even whales, and you may imagine my feelings when, early in the morning of the tenth day, Yamba suddenly gripped my arm and murmured, "We are nearing my home at last." I leapt to my feet, and a few minutes afterwards the mainland came hazily into view. Instead of heading straight for it, however, we made for a beautiful island that stood in the mouth of a large bay, and here we landed to recuperate for a day or so. Immediately on our arrival, Yamba and her husband lit some fires, and made what were apparently smoke signals to their friends on the main. They first cut down a quantity of green wood with my tomahawk, and arranged it in the form of a pyramid. Next they obtained fire by rubbing together two pieces of a certain kind of wood, and as the smoke ascended we saw answering smoke-signals from the opposite shore. Not long after this curious exchange of signals (and the practice is virtually universal throughout the whole of aboriginal Australia) we saw three catamarans, each carrying a man, shooting across towards our island. I viewed their approach with mixed sensations of alarm and hope. I was in the power of these people, I thought. They could tear me limb from limb, torture me, kill and eat me, if they so pleased; I was absolutely helpless...

Nevertheless, I awaited the arrival of the little flotilla with all the complacency I could muster, but at the same time I was careful to let Yamba's husband be the first to receive them.

And he advanced to meet them. The newcomers, having landed, squatted down some little distance away from the man they had come to meet, and then Mr. Yamba and they gradually edged forwards towards one another, until at length each placed his nose upon the other's shoulder. This was apparently the native method of embracing. Later Mr. Yamba brought his friends to be introduced to me, and to the best of my ability I went through the same ridiculous ceremony. I must say my new friends evinced an almost uncontrollable terror at the sight of me. Mr. Yamba, however, made it clear that I was not a returned spirit, but a man like themselves—a great man, certainly, and a mysterious man, but a man all the same. Although by this time my skin had become tanned and dark, there was seemingly no end to the amazement it caused the blacks. They timidly touched and felt my body, legs, and arms, and were vastly anxious to know what the covering was I had round my body. In due time, however, the excitement subsided somewhat, and then the newcomers prepared more smoke-signals to their friends on the mainland, this time building five separate fires in the form of a circle.

It was interesting to watch this remarkable method of communication. Each fire was set smoking fiercely a few seconds after its neighbour

had started. Finally, the columns of smoke united, and ascended together in the form of a pyramid, going up a tremendous height into the still, hot air. The meaning of these signals was explained to me. They indicated to the people on the mainland that the advanced guard had found me and my companions, and that, furthermore, they might expect us to return all together almost immediately. By this time, thanks to Yamba's able and intelligent lessons, I was able to speak the queer language of the blacks with some show of fluency, and I could understand them well enough when they did not jabber too quickly.

The next phase of our arrival was that 'smokes' were ascending in all directions on the mainland, evidently calling the tribes from far and near. How these smoke-signals gave an idea of the white man and his wonders I am utterly at a loss to imagine. In the meantime Yamba had prepared a great feast for the visitors, the principal dish being our remaining big turtle, of which the blacks ate a prodigious quantity. I afterwards told them that I was in need of a prolonged rest, my long journey having wearied me, and after this explanation I retired, and slung my hammock in a shady nook, where I slept undisturbed from shortly before noon until late in the day, when my ever-faithful Yamba, who had been keeping a careful watch, woke me and said that the festivities prior to our departure were about to take place.

Much refreshed, I rejoined the blacks, and, to their unbounded delight and amazement, entertained them.

for a few minutes with some of my acrobatic tricks and contortions. Some of the more emulous among them tried to imitate my feats of agility, but always came dismally to grief—a performance that created even more frantic merriment than my own. After a little while the blacks disappeared, only to come forth a few minutes later with their bodies gorgeously decorated with stripes of yellow ochre and red and white pigments. These startling preparations preceded a great *corroboree* in honour of my arrival, and in this embarrassing function I was, of course, expected to join. The ceremony was kept up with extraordinary vigour the whole night long, but all I was required to do was to sit beating sticks together, and join in the general uproar. This was all very well for a little while, but the monotony of the affair was terrible, and I withdrew to my hammock before midnight.

In the morning I saw a great fleet of catamarans putting off from the mainland, and in a very short time between fifty and sixty natives joined our party on the island. Then followed the usual greetings and comical expressions of amazement—of course, at the sight of me, my boat, and everything in it. A few hours later the whole crowd left the island, led by me in the big boat—which, by the way, attracted almost as much interest as I did myself. The natives forced their catamarans through the water at great speed, using only one paddle, which was dipped first on one side and then on the other in rapid succession, without, however, causing the apparently frail craft to swerve in the slightest degree.

As we approached the new country, I beheld a vast surging crowd of excited blacks—men, women, and children, all perfectly naked—standing on the beach. The moment we landed there was a most extraordinary rush for my boat, and everything on board her was there and then subjected to the closest scrutiny.

The people seemed to be divided into clans, and when one clan was busy inspecting my implements and utensils, another was patiently waiting its turn to examine the white man's wonders. I sat in the boat for some time, fairly bewildered and deafened by the uproarious jabberings and excited cries of amazement and wonder that filled the air all round me. At last, however, the blacks who had come out to meet us on the island came to my rescue, and escorted me through the crowd, with visible pride, to an eminence overlooking the native camping-ground. I then learnt that the news of my coming had been spread in every direction for hundreds of miles; hence the enormous gathering of clans on the beach.

The camping-ground I now found myself upon consisted solely of about thirty primitive shelters, built of boughs in the most flimsy manner, and only intended to break the force of the wind. These shelters, or "break-winds," were crescent-shaped, had no roof, and were not in any way closed in the front. There were, however, two or three grass huts of beehive shape, about seven feet high and ten feet in diameter, with a queer little hole at the base through which the occupier had to crawl. The inside was perfectly dark. . . .

AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS 199

Everywhere I went the natives were absolutely overwhelming in their hospitality, and presents of food of all kinds were fairly showered into my hut, including such delicacies as kangaroo and opossum meat, rats, snakes, tree-worms, fish, etc. Baked snake, I ought to mention, was a very pleasant dish indeed, but as there was no salt forthcoming, and the flesh was very tasteless, I cannot say I enjoyed this particular native dainty. The snakes were invariably baked whole in their skins, and the meat was very tender and juicy, though a little insipid as to flavour. The native method of cooking is to scoop out a hole in the sand with the hands, and then place the article to be cooked at the bottom. A layer of sand was then thrown over the 'joint.' Next come loose stones, and the fire is built on the top of all. Rats were always plentiful, often so much so as to become a serious nuisance. These were of the large brown variety, and were not at all bad eating. I may say here that the women-folk were responsible for the catching of the rats, the method adopted being to poke in their holes with sticks, and then kill them as they rush out. The women, by the way, were responsible for a good many things. They were their masters' dressers, so to speak, in that they were required to carry supplies of the greasy clay or earth with which the blacks anoint their bodies to ward off the sun's rays and insect bites; and beside this, woe betide the wives if *corroboree* time found them without an ample supply of coloured pigments for the decoration of their masters' bodies. One of

the principal duties of the women-folk, however, was the provision of roots for the family's dinner. The most important among these necessities—besides fine yams—was the root of a kind of water-lily, which was not unlike a sweet potato.

There was usually a good water-supply in the neighbourhood of these camps, and if that water-supply failed, as it very frequently did, the whole tribe simply moved its quarters elsewhere—perhaps a hundred miles off. The instinct of these people for finding water, however, was nothing short of miraculous. No one would think of going down to the seashore to look for fresh water, yet they often showed me the purest and most refreshing of liquids oozing up out of the sand on the beach after the tide had receded.

All this time, and for many months afterwards, my boat and everything it contained were saved from molestation and theft by a curious device on the part of Yamba. She simply placed a couple of crossed sticks on the sand near the bows, this being evidently a sign to all beholders that they were to respect the property of the stranger among them; and I verily believe that the boat and its contents might have remained there until they fell to pieces before any one of those cannibal blacks would have dreamed of touching anything that belonged to me.....

I settled down to my new life in the course of a few days, but I need hardly remark I did not propose staying in that forlorn spot longer than I could help. This was my plan. I would first of

all, I thought, make myself acquainted with the habits and customs of the blacks, and pick up as much bushmanship and knowledge of the country as it was possible to acquire, in case I should have to travel inland in search of civilization instead of over-sea. There was always, however, the hope that some day I might either be able to get away by sea in my boat or else hail some passing vessel—many of which, the blacks told me, they had seen pass at a distance.

Every morning I was astir by sunrise, and—hope springing eternal—I at once searched for the faintest indication of a passing sail. Next I would bathe in a lagoon protected from sharks, drying myself by a run on the beach. Meanwhile, Yamba would have gone out searching for roots for breakfast, and she seldom returned without a supply of my favourite water-lily roots already mentioned. Often, in the years that followed, has that heroic creature *tramped on foot a hundred miles* to get me a few sprigs of saline herbs; she had heard me say I wanted salt. She would also bring in, by way of seasoning, a kind of small onion, known as the *nelga*, which, when roasted, made a very acceptable addition to our limited fare. The natives themselves had but two meals a day—breakfast, between eight and nine o'clock, and then an enormous feast in the late afternoon. Their ordinary food consisted of kangaroo, emu, snakes, rats, and fish; an especial dainty being a worm found in the black ava tree, or in any decaying trunk.

These worms were generally grilled on hot stones and eaten several at a time, like small whitebait.

I often ate them myself, and found them most palatable. After breakfast the women of the tribe would go out hunting roots and snaring small game for the afternoon meal, while the men went off on their war and hunting expeditions, or amused themselves with feats of arms. The children were generally left to their own devices in the camp, and the principal amusement of the boys appeared to be the hurling of reed spears at one another. The women brought home the roots (which they dug up with sticks) in nets made of opossum hair, slung on their all-enduring backs. They generally returned heavily laden between two and three in the afternoon. I always knew the time pretty accurately by the sun, but I lost count of the days. The months, however, I always reckoned by the moon, and for each year I made a notch in the inside of my bow.

My own food, by the way, was usually wrapped in leaves before being placed in the sand oven, and my indefatigable wife was always exercising her ingenuity to provide me with fresh dainties. In addition to the ordinary fare of the natives, I frequently had wild ducks and turkeys, and—what was perhaps the greatest luxury of all—eggs, which the natives sent for specially on my account to distant parts of the surrounding country.

At the time of my shipwreck I had little or no knowledge of Australian geography, so that I was utterly at a loss to know my position. I afterwards learnt, however, that Yamba's home was on Cambridge Gulf, on the N.N.W. coast of the Australian continent.

Almost every evening the blacks would hold a stately *corroboree*, singing and chanting, the burden of their song being almost invariably myself, my belongings, and my prowess, which latter, I fear, was magnified in the most extravagant manner....

The *corroboree* was, perhaps, the greatest institution known to the blacks, who, obliged to do no real work, as we understand it, simply had to pass the time somehow; and there can be no doubt that, were it not for the constant feuds and consequent incessant wars, the race would have greatly deteriorated. The *corroboree* after a successful battle commenced with a cannibal feast off the bodies of fallen foes, and would be kept up for several days on end, the braves lying down to sleep near the fire towards morning, and renewing the festivities about noon next day. The chiefs on these occasions decked themselves with gorgeous cockatoo feathers, and painted their bodies with red and yellow ochre and other glaring pigments. A couple of hours were generally spent in dressing and preparing for the ceremony, and then the gaily-decorated fighting-men would dance or squat round the fires and chant monotonous songs, telling of all their own achievements and valour and the extraordinary sights they had seen in their travels.

The words of the songs were usually composed by the clan's own poet, who made a living solely by his profession, and even sold his effusions to other tribes. As there was no written language the purchaser would simply be coached orally by the vendor poet, and as the blacks were gifted with

most marvellous memories, they would transmit and resell the songs throughout vast stretches of country. These men of the north were of magnificent stature, and possessed great personal strength. They were able to walk extraordinary distances, and their carriage was the most graceful I have ever seen. The women are not very prepossessing, and not nearly so graceful in their bearing and gait as the men. Poor creatures, they did all the hard work of the camp—building, food-hunting, waiting, and serving. Occasionally, however, the men did condescend to go out fishing, and they would also organize *battues* when a big supply of food was wanted. These great hunting-parties were arranged on an immense scale, and fire figured largely in them. The usual routine was to set fire to the bush; and then as the terrified animals and reptiles rushed out in thousands into the open, each party of blacks speared every living thing that came its way within a certain sphere. The roar of the fast-spreading fire, the thousands of kangaroos, opossums, rats, snakes, iguanas, and birds that dashed hither and thither, to the accompaniment of bewildering shouts from the men and shrill screeches from the women, who occasionally assisted, flitting hither and thither like eerie witches amidst the dense pall of black smoke—all these made up a picture which is indelibly printed on my mind. As to the fishing parties, these went out either early in the morning, soon after sunrise, or in the evening, when it was quite dark. On the latter occasions, the men carried big torches, which they held high in the air with one

hand as they waded out into the water with their spears poised, in readiness to impale the first big fish they came across.

When the spearmen *did* strike, their aim was unerring, and the struggling fish would be hurled on to the beach to the patient women-folk, who were there waiting for them, with their big nets of opossum hair slung over their backs. Sometimes a hundred men would be in the shallow water at once, all carrying blazing torches, and the effect as the fishermen plunged and splashed this way and that, with shouts of triumph or disappointment, may be better imagined than described. In the daytime a rather different method was adopted. A large area of the shallow lagoon would be staked out at low water in the shape of an inverted V, an opening being left for the fish to pass through. The high tide brought the fish in vast shoals, and then the opening would be closed. When the tide receded, the staked enclosure became, in effect, one gigantic net, filled with floundering fish, big and little. The natives then waded into the enclosure, and dispatched the fish with their spears.

Nothing was more interesting than to watch one of these children of the bush stalking a kangaroo. The man made not the slightest noise in walking, and he would stealthily follow the kangaroo's track for miles (the tracks were absolutely invisible to the uninitiated). Should at length the kangaroo sniff a tainted wind, or be startled by an incautious movement, his pursuer would suddenly become as rigid as a bronze figure, and he could remain in this

position for hours. Finally, when within thirty or forty yards of the animal, the huntsman launched his spear at the creature, and in all the years I was amongst these people I never knew one to miss his aim. The spears used were about five feet long, with a blade made either of bone or stone, and a shaft of some light, hard wood. Metals were, of course, practically unknown as workable materials.

In order to catch emus the hunters would construct little shelters of grass at a spot overlooking the water-hole frequented by these birds, and they were then speared as they came down for water. The largest emu I ever saw, by the way, was more than six feet high, whilst the biggest kangaroo I came across was even taller than this. Snakes were always killed with sticks, whilst birds were brought down with the wonderful boomerang....

The blacks never allowed their fires to go out, and whenever they moved their camping-ground, the women-folk always took with them their smouldering fire-sticks, with which they can kindle a blaze in a few minutes. Very rarely indeed did the women allow their fire-sticks to go out altogether, for this would mean a cruel and severe punishment. The wives bore ill-usage with the most extraordinarily equanimity, and never attempted to parry the most savage blow. They would remain meek and motionless under a shower of brutal blows from a thick stick, and would then walk quietly away and treat their bleeding wounds with a kind of earth. It often surprised me how quickly the blacks' most terrible wounds healed, and

yet they were only treated with a kind of clay and leaves.

I am here reminded of the native doctor. This functionary was called a *rui*, and he effected most of his cures with a little shell, with which he rubbed assiduously upon the affected part. Thus it will be seen that the medical treatment was a form of massage, the rubbing being done first in a downward direction and then cross-wise. I must say, however, that the blacks were very rarely troubled with illness, their most frequent disorder being usually the result of excessive gorging when a particularly ample supply of food was forthcoming, say, after a big *battue* over a tribal preserve.

In an ordinary case of overfeeding, the medicine man would rub his patient's stomach with such vigour as often to draw blood. He would also give the sufferer a kind of grass to eat, and this herb, besides clearing the system, also acted as a most marvellous appetizer. The capacity of some of my blacks, by the way, was almost beyond belief.

One giant I have in my mind ate a whole kangaroo by himself. I saw him do it. Certainly it was not an excessively big animal, but, still, it was a meal large enough for three or four stalwart men. . . .

I now come to an event of very great importance in my life. I went forth one morning, accompanied by my ever-faithful Yamba and the usual admiring crowd of blacks. In a few minutes we two were speeding over the sunlit waters, my only weapon being the steel harpoon I had brought with me from the island, and about forty or fifty feet of manila

rope. When we were some miles from land I noticed a dark-looking object on the surface of the water a little way ahead. Feeling certain it was a dugong feeding on the well-known grass, I rose and hurled my harpoon at it with all the force I could muster. Next moment, to my amazement, the head of a calf whale was thrust agonizingly into the air, and not until then did I realize what manner of creature it was I had struck. This baby whale was about fifteen feet long and it 'sounded' immediately on receiving my harpoon. As I had enough rope, or what I considered enough, I did not cut him adrift. He came up again presently, lashing the water with his tail, and creating a tremendous uproar, considering his size. He then darted off madly, dashing through the water like an arrow, and dragging our boat at such a tremendous pace as almost to swamp us in the foaming wash.

Up to this time I had no thought of danger, but just as the baby whale halted I looked round, and saw to my horror that its colossal mother had joined her offspring, and was swimming round and round it like lightning, apparently greatly disturbed by its sufferings. Before I could even cut the line or attempt to get out of the way, the enormous creature caught sight of our little craft, and bore down upon it like a fair-sized island rushing through the sea. I shouted to Yamba, and we both threw ourselves over the side into the now raging waters, and commenced to swim away with long strokes, in order to get as far as possible from the boat before the catastrophe came which we knew was at hand. We had not got

many yards before I heard a terrific crash, and, looking back, I saw the enormous tail of the great whale towering high out of the water, and my precious boat descending in fragments upon it, from a height of from fifteen to twenty feet above the agitated waters. Oddly enough, the forepart of the boat remained fixed to the rope of the harpoon in the calf. My first thought, even at so terrible a moment, and in so serious a situation, was one of bitter regret for the loss of what I considered the only means of reaching civilization. Like a flash it came back to me how many weary months of toil and hope and expectancy I had spent over that darling craft; and I remembered, too, the delirious joy of launching it, and the appalling dismay that struck me when I realized that it was worse than useless to me in the enclosed lagoon. These thoughts passed through my mind in a few seconds.

At this time we had a swim of ten miles before us, and yet in the far distance I could not only see land distinctly, but also the crowd of blacks, who were now putting out in their catamarans to help us. Some of the blacks, as I hinted before, always accompanied me down to the shore on these trips. They never tired, I think, of seeing me handle my giant "catamaran" and the (to them) mysterious harpoon. After the mother whale had wreaked its vengeance upon my unfortunate boat it rejoined its little one, and still continued to swim round and round it at prodigious speed, evidently in a perfect agony of concern. Fortunately the tide was in our favour, and we were rapidly swept inshore, even as we floated



listlessly on the surface of the water. The sea was quite calm, and we had no fear of sharks, being well aware that we could keep them away by splashing in the water.

Before long, a large catamaran with one of the chiefs on board came up with us, but although deeply grateful for Yamba's and my own safety, I was still greatly distressed at the loss of my boat. Never once did this thought leave my mind. I remembered too, with a pang, that I had now no tools with which to build another boat, and to venture out into the open sea on a catamaran, probably for weeks, simply meant courting certain destruction.

My harpoon had evidently inflicted a mortal wound on the whale baby, because as we looked we saw it lying exhausted on the surface of the water, and being gradually swept nearer and nearer the shore by the swift flowing tide. The mother refused to leave the little calf, however, and still continued to wheel round it, even when her offspring had reached dangerously shallow water.

The result was that when the tide turned, both the mother and her calf were left stranded high and dry on the beach, to the unbounded delight and amazement of the natives, who swarmed round the leviathans, and set up such a terrific uproar, that I verily believe they frightened the mother to death. Furious smoke-signals were at once sent up to summon all the tribes in the surrounding country—enemies as well as friends. Next day the carcasses were washed still further inshore—a thing for which the blacks gave me additional credit.



AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS 211

I ought to mention here that the loss of my boat was in some measure compensated for by the enormous amount of prestige which accrued to me from this whale episode. To cut a long story short, the natives fully believed that *I had killed single-handed and brought ashore both whales!* And in the *corroborees* that ensued, the poets almost went delirious in trying to find suitable eulogiums to bestow upon the mighty white hunter.

Louis de Rougemont.

AN EARTHQUAKE

This day has been memorable in the annals of Valdivia, for the most severe earthquake experienced by the oldest inhabitant. I happened to be on shore, and was lying down in the wood to rest myself. It came on suddenly, and lasted two minutes, but the time appeared much longer. The rocking of the ground was very sensible. The undulations appeared to my companion and myself to come from due east, whilst others thought they proceeded from south-west: this shows how difficult it sometimes is to perceive the direction of the vibrations. There was no difficulty in standing upright, but the motion made me almost giddy: it was something like the movement of a vessel in a little cross-ripple, or still more like that felt by a person skating over thin ice, which bends under the weight of his body.

• A bad earthquake at once destroys our oldest associations: the earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet like a thin crust over a fluid;—one second of time has created in the mind a strange idea of insecurity, which hours of reflection would not have produced. In the forest, as a breeze moved the trees, I felt only the earth tremble but saw no other effect. • Captain Fitz Roy and some officers were at the town during the shock, and there the scene was more striking; for although the houses, from being built of wood,

did not fall, they were violently shaken, and the boards creaked and rattled together. The people rushed out of doors in the greatest alarm. It is these accompaniments that create that perfect horror of earthquakes, experienced by all who have thus seen, as well as felt, their effects. Within the forest it was a deeply interesting, but by no means an awe-inspiring phenomenon. The tides were very curiously affected. The great shock took place at the time of low water; and an old woman who was on the beach told me, that the water flowed very quickly, but not in great waves, to high-water mark, and then as quickly returned to its proper level; this was also evident by the line of wet sand. This same kind of quick but quiet movement of the tide, happened a few years since at Chiloe, during a slight earthquake, and created much causeless alarm. In the course of the evening there were many weaker shocks, which seemed to produce in the harbour the most complicated current, and some of great strength.

We entered the harbour of Concepcion. While the ship was beating up to the anchorage, I landed on the island of Quiriquina. The mayor-domo of the estate quickly rode down to tell me the terrible news of the great earthquake of the 20th:—‘That not a house in Concepcion or Talcahuano (the port) was standing; that seventy villages were destroyed; and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano.’ Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs—the whole coast being strewn over with timber and furniture as if a

thousand ships had been wrecked. Besides chairs, tables, book-shelves, etc., in great numbers, there were several roofs of cottages, which had been transported almost whole. The store-houses at Talcahuano had been burst open, and great bags of cotton, yerba, and other valuable merchandise were scattered on the shore. During my walk round the island, I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up high on the beach; one of these was six feet long, three broad, and two thick.

The island itself as plainly showed the overwhelming power of the earthquake, as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had already fallen on the beach and the inhabitants thought that when the rains commenced far greater slips would happen. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate, which composes the foundation of the island, was still more curious: the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted by gunpowder. This effect, which was rendered conspicuous by the fresh fractures and displaced soil, must be confined to near the surface, for otherwise there would not exist a block of solid rock throughout Chile; nor is this

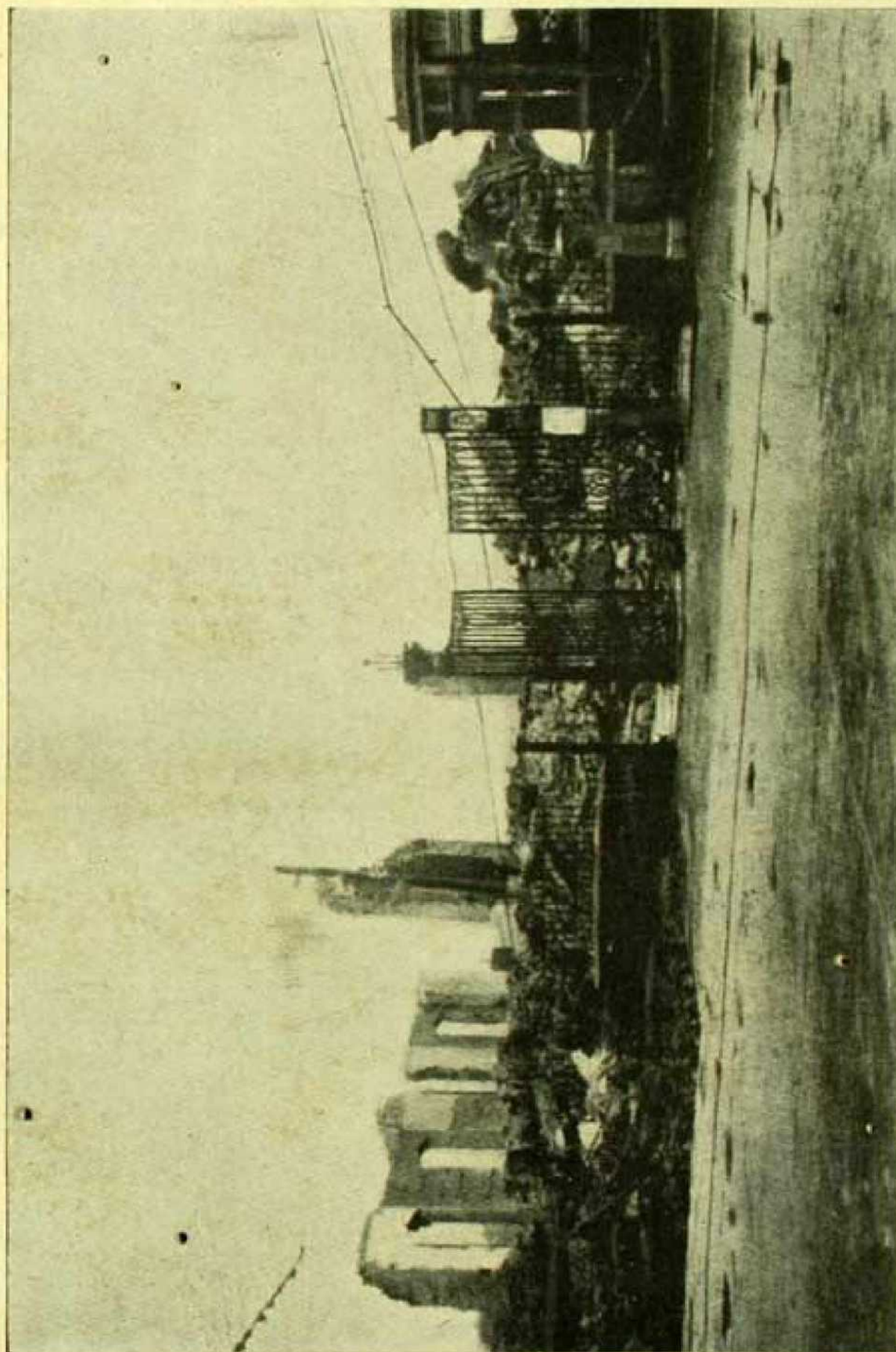
improbable, as it is known that the surface of a vibrating body is affected differently from the central part. It is, perhaps, owing to this same reason, that earthquakes do not cause quite such terrific havoc within deep mines as would be expected. I believe this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina, than the ordinary wear-and-tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century.

The next day I landed at Talcahuano, and afterwards rode to Concepcion. Both towns presented the most awful yet interesting spectacle I ever beheld. To a person who had formerly known them, it possibly might have been still more impressive; for the ruins were so mingled together, and the whole scene possessed so little the air of a habitable place, that it was scarcely possible to imagine its former condition. The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. If it had happened in the middle of the night, the greater number of the inhabitants (which in this one province amount to many thousands) must have perished, instead of less than a hundred: as it was, the invariable practice of running out of doors at the first trembling of the ground, alone saved them. In Concepcion each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins; but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles, and timber, with here and there part of a wall left standing, could be distinguished. From this circumstance Concepcion, although not so completely desolated, was a more terrible, and, if I may so call it,



picturesque sight. The first shock was very sudden. The mayor-domo at Quiriquina told me, that the first notice he received of it was finding both the horse he rode and himself, rolling together on the ground. Rising up, he was again thrown down. He also told me that some cows which were standing on the steep side of the island were rolled into the sea. The great wave caused the destruction of many cattle; on one low island, near the head of the bay, seventy animals were washed off and drowned. It is generally thought that this has been the worst earthquake ever recorded in Chile; but as the very severe ones occur only after long intervals, this cannot easily be known; nor indeed would a much worse shock have made any great difference, for the ruin was now complete. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within the first twelve days no less than three hundred were counted.

After viewing Concepcion, I cannot understand how the greater number of inhabitants escaped unhurt. The houses in many parts fell outwards; thus forming in the middle of the streets little hillocks of brickwork and rubbish. Mr. Rouse, the English consul, told us that he was at breakfast when the first movement warned him to run out. He had scarcely reached the middle of the courtyard, when one side of his house came thundering down. He retained presence of mind to remember, that if he once got on the top of that part which had already fallen, he would be safe. Not being able from the motion of the ground to stand, he crawled



Effect of an Earthquake

up on his hands and knees; and no sooner had he ascended this little eminence, than the other side of the house fell in, the great beams sweeping close in front of his head. With his eyes blinded, and his mouth choked with the cloud of dust which darkened the sky, at last he gained the street. As shock succeeded shock, at the interval of a few minutes, no one dared approach the shattered ruins; and no one knew whether his dearest friends and relations were not perishing from the want of help. Those who had saved any property were obliged to keep a constant watch, for thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, with one hand they beat their breasts and cried 'misericordia!' and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins. The thatched roofs fell over the fires, and flames burst forth in all parts. Hundreds knew themselves ruined, and few had the means of providing food for the day.

Earthquakes alone are sufficient to destroy the prosperity of any country. If beneath England the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers, which most assuredly in former geological ages they have exerted, how completely would the entire condition of the country be changed! What could become of the lofty houses, thickly packed, cities, great manufactories, the beautiful public and private edifices? If the new period of disturbance were first to commence by some great earthquake in the dead of the night, how terrific would be the carnage! England would at once be bankrupt; all papers, records, and accounts would from that

moment be lost. Government being unable to collect the taxes, and failing to maintain its authority, the hand of violence and rapine would remain uncontrolled. In every large town famine would go forth, pestilence and death following in its train.

Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching in the middle of the bay with a smooth outline; but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as if swept onwards with irresistible force. At the head of the bay it broke in a fearful line of white breakers, which rushed up to a height of 23 vertical feet above the highest spring-tides. Their force must have been prodigious; for at the Fort a cannon with its carriage, estimated at four tons in weight, was moved 15 feet inwards. A schooner was left in the midst of the ruins, 200 yards from the beach. The first wave was followed by two others, which in their retreat carried away a vast wreck of floating objects. In one part of the bay, a ship was pitched high and dry on shore, was carried off, again driven on shore, and again carried off. In another part, two large vessels anchored near together were whirled about, and their cables were thrice wound round each other: though anchored at a depth of 36 feet, they were for some minutes aground. The great wave must have travelled slowly, for the inhabitants of Talcahuano had time to run up the hills behind the town; and some sailors pulled out seaward, trusting successfully to their boat riding securely over the swell, if they could reach it before

it broke. One old woman with a little boy, four or five years old, ran into a boat, but there was nobody to row it out: the boat was consequently dashed against an anchor and cut in twain; the old woman was drowned, but the child was picked up some hours afterwards clinging to the wreck. Pools of salt-water were still standing amidst the ruins of the houses and children, making boats with old tables and chairs, appeared as happy as their parents were miserable. It was, however, exceedingly interesting to observe, how much more active and cheerful all appeared than could have been expected. It was remarked with much truth, that from the destruction being universal, no one individual was humble more than another, or could suspect his friends of coldness—that most grievous result of the loss of wealth. Mr. Rouse, and a large party whom he kindly took under his protection, lived for the first week in a garden beneath some apple-trees. At first they were as merry as if it had been a picnic; but soon afterwards heavy rain caused much discomfort, for they were absolutely without shelter.

In Captain Fitz Roy's excellent account of the earthquake, it is said that two explosions, one like a column of smoke and another like the blowing of a great whale, were seen in the bay. The water also appeared everywhere to be boiling; and it 'became black, and exhaled a most disagreeable sulphureous smell.' These latter circumstances were observed in the Bay of Valparaiso during the earthquake of 1822; they may, I think, be accounted for, by the disturbance of the mud at the bottom of the sea

containing organic matter in decay. In the Bay of Callao, during a calm day, I noticed, that as the ship dragged her cable over the bottom, its course was marked by a line of bubbles. The lower orders in Talcahuano thought that the earthquake was caused by some old Indian women, who two years ago, being offended, stopped the volcano of Antuco. This silly belief is curious, because it shows that experience had taught them to observe, that there exists a relation between the suppressed action of the volcanoes, and the trembling of the ground. It was necessary to apply the witchcraft to the point where their perception of cause and effect failed; and this was the closing of the volcanic vent. This belief is the more singular in this particular instance, because, according to Captain Fitz Roy, there is reason to believe that Antuco was noways affected.

I have not attempted to give any detailed description of the appearance of Concepcion, for I feel that it is quite impossible to convey the mingled feelings which I experienced. Several of the officers visited it before me, but their strongest language failed to give a just idea of the scene of desolation. It is a bitter and humiliating thing to see works, which have cost man so much time and labour, overthrown in one minute; yet compassion for the inhabitants was almost instantly banished, by the surprise in seeing a state of things produced in a moment of time, which one was accustomed to attribute to a succession of ages. In my opinion, we have scarcely beheld, since leaving England, any sight so deeply interesting.

In almost every severe earthquake, the neighbouring waters of the sea are said to have been greatly agitated. The disturbance seems generally, as in the case of Concepcion, to have been of two kinds: first, at the instant of the shock, the water swells high up on the beach with a gentle motion, and then as quietly retreats; secondly, some time afterwards, the whole body of the sea retires from the coast, and then returns in waves of overwhelming force. The first movement seems to be an immediate consequence of the earthquake affecting differently a fluid and a solid, so that their respective levels are slightly deranged: but the second case is a far more important phenomenon. During most earthquakes, and especially during those on the west coast of America, it is certain that the first great movement of the waters has been a retirement. Some authors have attempted to explain this, by supposing that the water retains its level, whilst the land oscillates upwards; but surely the water close to the land, even on a rather steep coast, would partake of the motion of the bottom: moreover, as urged by Mr. Lyell, similar movements of the sea have occurred at islands far distant from the chief line of disturbance, as was the case with Juan Fernandez during this earthquake, and with Madeira during the famous Lisbon shock. I suspect (but the subject is a very obscure one) that a wave, however produced, first draws the water from the shore, on which it is advancing to break. I have observed that this happens with the little waves from the paddles of a steam-boat. It is remarkable that whilst Talcahuano and Callao (near Lima), both

situated at the head of large shallow bays, have suffered during every severe earthquake from great waves, Valparaiso, seated close to the edge of profoundly deep water, has never been overwhelmed, though so often shaken by the severest shocks. From the great wave not immediately following the earthquake, but sometimes after the interval of even half an hour, and from distant islands being affected similarly with the coasts near the focus of the disturbance, it appears that the wave first rises in the offing; and as this is of general occurrence, the cause must be general: I suspect we must look to the line, where the less disturbed waters of the deep ocean join the water nearer the coast, which has partaken of the movements of the land, as the place where the great wave is first generated; it would also appear that the wave is larger or smaller, according to the extent of shoal water which has been agitated together with the bottom on which it rested.

The most remarkable effect of this earthquake was the permanent elevation of the land; it would probably be far more correct to speak of it as the cause. There can be no doubt that the land round the Bay of Concepcion was upraised two or three feet; but it deserves notice, that owing to the wave having obliterated the old lines of tidal action on the sloping sandy shores, I could discover no evidence of this fact, except in the united testimony of the inhabitants, that one little rocky shoal, now exposed, was formerly covered with water. At the island of S. Maria (about thirty miles distant) the elevation was greater; on one part, Captain Fitz Roy found beds of



EARTHQUAKE

223

putrid mussel-shells still adhering to the rocks, ten feet above high-water mark: the inhabitants had formerly dived at low-water spring-tides for these shells. The elevation of this province is particularly interesting, from its having been the theatre of several other violent earthquakes, and from the vast numbers of sea-shells scattered over the land, up to a height of certainly 600 and I believe, of 1,000 feet. At Valparaiso, as I have remarked, similar shells are found at the height of 1,300 feet: it is hardly possible to doubt that this great elevation has been effected by successive small uprisings, such as that which accompanied or caused the earthquake of this year, and likewise by an insensibly slow rise, which is certainly in progress on some parts of this coast.

Charles Darwin.

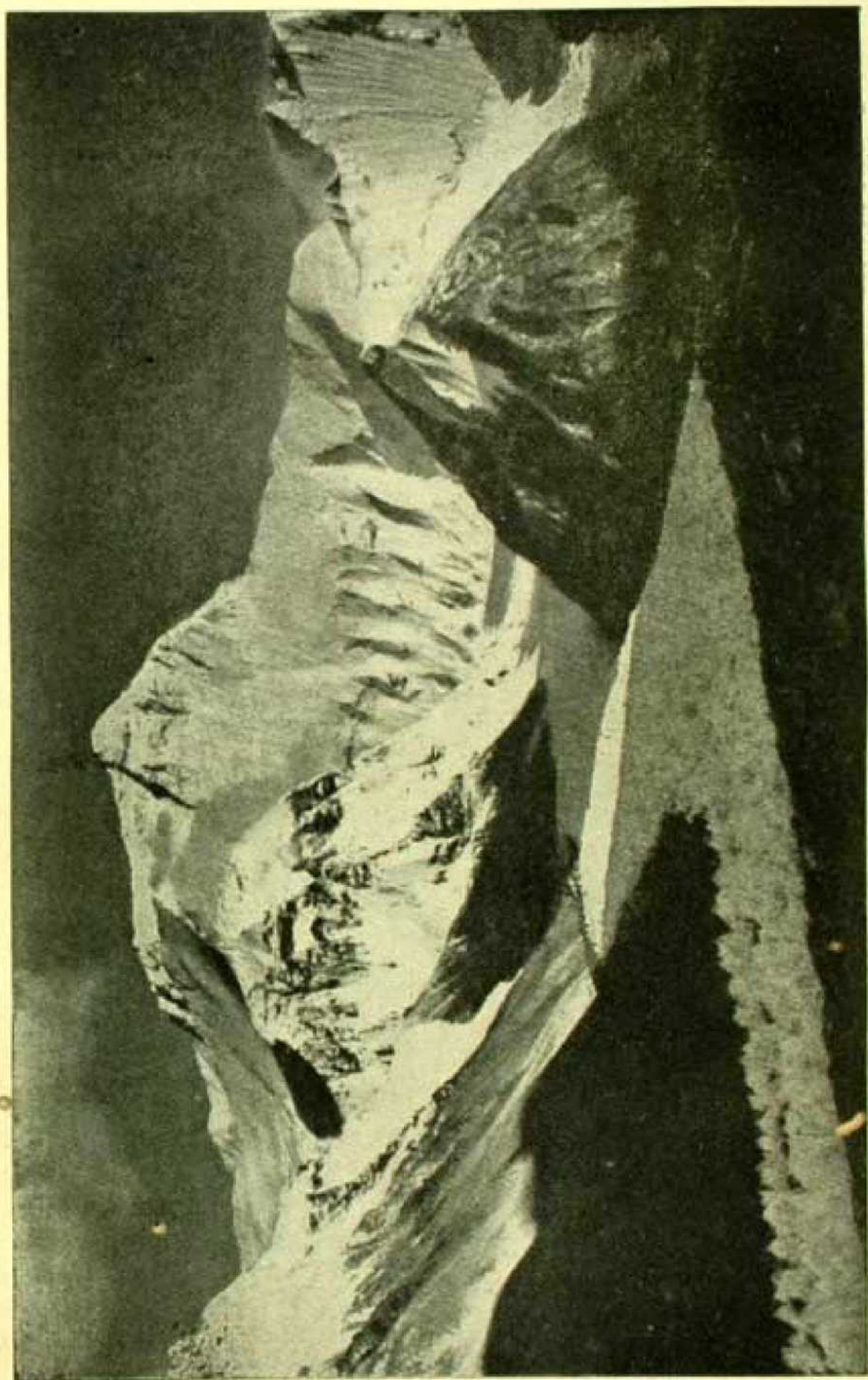


THE ATTACK ON MOUNT EVEREST

To men of any spirit the opposition of Nature constitutes a challenge which cannot be ignored. The sense of battle rouses a fierce joy in them that no mere adverse reasoning can ever destroy, and the very idea of impossibility is foreign to their natures. This spirit taught men to fly, regardless of the laws of gravity. It taught them to rush along the ground at speeds exceeding three miles—now almost four miles—in a minute. It taught them to jump down through thousands of feet of space aided by nothing better than something resembling a large umbrella.

The same spirit actuates mountain-climbers. No sooner do they perceive a peak than they must climb it. (Although there are good scientific reasons for climbing mountains, they are not very strong ones; the moral reasons are far stronger.) It is a noble thing to endeavour to surmount difficulties and to penetrate into realms where ordinary men dare not venture. The risks, always great, are proportionate to the enterprise. How great they may be when climbing the greatest of mountains will be illustrated by this narrative of the attack on Mount Everest in 1921.

Besides being a good explorer in the ordinary sense, a scientific mountaineer must be something else. He must have an eye that quails not when contemplating a drop of thousands of feet, sheer from



Mount Everest from the Rongbuk Glacier



the precipice on whose edge he stands, and he must be sure of his limbs when the same nerve-shaking view becomes discernible from between his legs. It requires much self-reliance to scramble round an overhanging rock when hands and knees alone can be used, and one's feet dangle in mid-air; while an equal degree of confidence in one's companions is needed when, roped together, three or four men cross a dangerous glacier, for a single slip may result in the death of all. Watchfulness is another essential quality. Mists often arise with wonderful suddenness, leaving one practically blinded—perhaps upon the edge of an abyss; and the rolling stones that precede an avalanche, the distant roar that may betoken the bursting of an ice-dam, and the flooding of one's road, not to mention the yielding of the treacherous snow-bridge upon which, heart in mouth, one crawls across a yawning crevice: all these things call for incessant alertness.

Finally, the taking of observations, the mapping of prominent points, and even the ordinary routine of cooking, eating and sleeping are just as difficult at high altitudes as they are in the paralysing cold of the Antarctic. ✓

The Himalaya Mountains, however, are so vast that, although frequently attacked, their thousand summits are still nearly all unscaled. As recently as 1920 Mount Everest, although known for three-quarters of a century, had been seen only from fifty to hundred miles away. It is a huge pyramidal peak, 29,140 feet high, which dwarfs everything in the vicinity. The natives call it the Abode of the

Goddess, and political considerations ordained that until the last few years that splendid shrine should remain undefiled by the presence of man.

temple

This immunity of the world's highest mountain was not due to any lack of British enterprise or curiosity, but solely to the fact that Everest is in Tibet, and our relations with that country, with its parent China, and with Russia, would not permit an earlier attempt.

Meanwhile surveyors, travellers, and sportsmen, hastening away from the burning plains of India and the fever-haunted jungles of the foothills, had expended their energies in other parts of the Himalaya, especially in the Karakoram, at the western end. (It is in high mountains that Nature is driven to her last and most savage fastnesses, and the higher one goes the greater is her resistance.) Thus any climb above 20,000 feet was notable, while to camp for the night at such a height was regarded as the acme of discomfort. Above this point the risk of terrific avalanches, the very great steepness of the slopes, the fierce burning caused by the sun's ultra-violet rays through the thin air, and, worst of all, the biting winds, rendered farther advance most difficult. (Nevertheless, man mastered the altitude problem bit by bit, just as he has mastered so many other things by concentrated effort.)

94
940

A famous climber, Dr. Longstaff, climbed a peak (Trisul) that was 23,400 feet high, and had actually reached 24,000 feet on another mountain, when he and his party were all swept down by an avalanche, and preserved from destruction only by a miracle. Dr.



Workman also attained 23,400 feet, while his gallant wife in another ascent reached a height never braved before by any lady. An officer of the Indian Survey, Mr. Meade, actually made a camp at 23,500 feet. Finally, the Duke of the Abruzzi, an Italian prince who is the very embodiment of adventure, climbed up the massive Bride Peak to 24,600 feet, and was kept from reaching the summit only by bad weather. Up to the time of the Everest expeditions this was the record.

Several times, before the Great War, Sir Francis Younghusband and General C. G. Bruce, a very experienced mountaineer, had thought of climbing Mount Everest, but they were always stopped by the Government. After the War, however, a favourable opportunity arose. Two great societies, the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, found a large sum of money, and Colonel Howard Bury went to India, at his own expense, on the very difficult and delicate task of getting permission to ascend the mountain. He was successful. Application was made by the Indian Government to the Dalai Lama, the religious ruler of Tibet, and permission was granted for the expedition to enter Tibet. Thus was the first obstacle surmounted.

Meantime a strong committee was formed to consider the best way of going to work. Everest is no ordinary mountain, and is, in fact, so much higher than those hitherto climbed, that the ordinary mode of proceeding, by a small determined party, would be foredoomed to failure. The air, which has a pressure

predestined to fail



of about thirty inches in London, gets less and less as one ascends; at 15,000 feet it is only about half as great; and from this height to that of Mount Everest (29,140 feet) it continues slightly to diminish. This rarefaction of the air at high altitudes has a curious effect, for the most energetic men are so severely attacked by lassitude as to be capable of exertion only by strong will power, while the loss of oxygen makes it needful to gasp for breath at every few steps. Climbing becomes slower and slower; thus the Duke of the Abruzzi, when near the end of his great Himalayan effort, could rise only 160 feet vertically in an hour. This fact, and a little arithmetic, shows us that one could not possibly hope to climb Everest in a single day, even from a camp at 20,000 feet. It would be absolutely necessary to make camps, one above another, wherever opportunity offered on the sides of the peak. Moreover, the mere effort of making a camp causes great exhaustion at such heights, and as the climbers would need every ounce of strength, if they were to stand any chance of getting to the top, it was considered wise that all the many things which must be carried up from level to level, should be carried by porters; and this meant a large organization, with an expert in charge at the base, and another to supervise the passing up of the goods. Finally, experiments were made, in special rooms, upon an actual climber, to study the effect of the lack of oxygen, and to see if the administration of pure oxygen in small doses would assist him. The idea seemed sound, and many cylinders of oxygen were taken. They were undoubtedly very useful.

...ing, as
...sed to London
...tion

vigorous
...lar in
to faint

main camp

creation

...quire

long
tubes.



but they were much too heavy, as they weighed 5 lb. each—a severe handicap to an almost exhausted man.

Younghusband and Bruce were again the sponsors of the expedition. They were assisted by Dr. Longstaff, whom I mentioned just now; by Dr. Kellas, whose five previous expeditions to great heights in the Himalaya gave his presence a special weight; by Colonel Howard Bury, Dr. Harold Raeburn (chief of the climbing party), and several picked officers of the Indian Survey, and members of the Alpine Club. Applications to join were received from all parts of the world, but the expedition was British throughout.

(Every man engaged had to be absolutely physically fit, for high altitudes find out any weak spot in one's armour.) A peculiar affliction is mountain sickness. Having only reached the modest level of 16,000 feet myself, and with no worse experience than a headache, I cannot say much about this, but I know people who have had the most disagreeable symptoms. Mountain sickness, in fact, can prostrate a man, but is highly capricious, and will incapacitate some members of a party although not affecting others who are exposed at the same time. The Everest expeditions fortunately had very little of it—except once or twice amongst their carriers.

The selection of the men, the estimating of supplies, the purchase of animals, and the packing of stores in small, readily available parcels, all took much time and careful thought. This work fell mainly on General Bruce and Colonel Howard Bury.

Next, as Dr. Longstaff had pointed out, it was necessary to *find* the mountain. The peak of the huge mass was sufficiently well known from a distance; but around it lay a zone, fifty miles wide, of deep gorges, rushing torrents, glaciers, and minor mountains, all completely unexplored. Accordingly the year 1921 was wisely devoted to reconnoitring the ground. The season during which actual climbing might be possible comprised little more than a month, and Everest was certainly not assailable at more than one or two points, if at all.

Howard Bury led the reconnaissance. Drs. Raeburn and Kellas, with Mr. G. L. Mallory and Mr. Bullock, formed the climbing party. Major Wheeler, who had done much splendid surveying in the wildest Rocky Mountains, was to make a map, aided by Major Morshead. Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston was doctor and naturalist. Dr. Heron was to study the geology.

They started from Darjeeling, a town in the North Indian hills, 7,300 feet up, and reached by a wonderful railway. The main party, with fifty mules and their attendants, besides twenty-two picked porters, left on 18th May; another fifty mules followed on the 19th.

The start was not auspicious. Knowing the bad conditions to be expected, the very best Government mules obtainable had been procured, but they were so fat and well fed as not to be able to stand up to the hardships, and their breakdown a few days after starting, caused some delay and confusion until hardier beasts were bought.

Incessant rain greeted the expedition in the hot, fetid, and vegetation-choked Teesta valley; nor did these conditions cease until they crossed the Jelep Pass into Tibet, and, on descending the valley of the Chumbi River to the north, encountered a colder and drier climate. Now beautiful masses of rhododendrons of many kinds bordered the path; in the meadows were countless purple, white and yellow primroses; the dense woods gave place to more open country; and the inhabitants, although curious and indescribably dirty, were not unfriendly. The powerful mandate of the Dalai Lama ensured for them a good reception at the numerous monasteries, an important matter in this priest-ridden country. That insidious disease, dysentery, however, seized several members of the expedition before they had been very long in Tibet; Dr. Raeburn, the chief climber, became ill; and, to crown all, Dr. Kellas suddenly collapsed from heart failure, and died at Kampa Dzong, only ninety miles across the frontier. He was buried there, with great solemnity, in sight of the mountains he had loved so well. The leadership of the mountain party then devolved upon Mallory. ✓

The route to Everest described a great curve round its eastern and northern sides, nearly two hundred miles in length. The most obvious line of approach lay up one or other of the gorges which carried ice-cold water away from the glaciers at the foot of the mountain; but these streams had slopes as severe as those on an English hill road, and were largely impracticable of access. Consequently the



indirect route through populated country farther north proved in the end to be both easiest and quickest.

By travelling thus, however, they had to run the gauntlet of Tibetan hospitality; to pay ceremonial visits to Lamas; to endure the inquisitive obstruction of the populace; and to drink ceremonial tea, a nauseating mixture of coarse tea, water, rancid butter, and salt. The beginning of June brought the warm wet monsoon wind, the streams on the plateau were flooded, and the mountain and its surroundings were buried by continual storms. However, advantage was taken of the many halts to glean facts concerning the people, and to photograph them and their homes.

The monasteries, although brightly painted—usually in red and gilt or some other gaudy mixture—were by no means clean. They often contained hundreds of monks in a marvellous condition of filth, wearing long greasy robes, and markedly Chinese in aspect; but very simple, child-like, and easy to get on with once their confidence had been won. Their personal habits took a lot of getting used to. No Tibetan, be he monk or otherwise, loves water. The majority never wash at all, while those who do wash indulge in this luxury so rarely as to be indistinguishable from the rest. The stale smell of unclean bodies, combined with the fumes of incense, the stench from rotten fat, and the still worse smell from open drains and masses of garbage, so tainted the air that, in a head wind, a monastery might be sensed long before it came into sight.



MOUNT EVEREST

233

microscopic
minority
20 March 1903
guided
This is not the place to speak of the many curious Tibetan customs; but one, at least, must have revolted our travellers. When a Tibetan dies his body is usually handed over to a butcher, who cuts it up and exposes it to the vultures. When the bones have been picked clean, they are ground up by the butcher and thrown to the winds. This mode of leaving the world is not likely to appeal to the fastidious. *20/3*

Throughout the summer work went on. Wheeler made a most excellent map, often under circumstances of much difficulty and exposure to cold and mist. Heron worked out the geology. Wollaston collected everything that moved or grew. Bullock and Mallory, with Morshed, Wheeler, and Howard Bury, tried various lines of approach to the peak, and the last-named had, in addition, to keep all parties supplied with stores. It was not until September, however, that any practicable way to the peak was discovered.

You can imagine Everest as a stupendous pyramid, the top of which has been cut away, in a slowly rising slope some two miles long. At one end—the west—a minor pyramid rises above this last for a further 800 feet. On all sides the very steep walls of the main pyramid are most difficult of access, and even at their bases the height is 20,000 feet or more, yet unless a practicable way for laden porters to the base were found, and then a way up which loads could be carried or dragged to at least 23,000 or 24,000 feet, the further climbing of the peak would be impossible. *very high*



rested By repeatedly probing the glaciers and subsidiary *minor* ridges, it gradually became clear that the only possible way was on the north-east, where a glacier nestled under the shoulder of Everest, with its surface some 21,000 feet up. Above this glacier a pass, choked with snow and ice, rose to some 23,000 feet—this they called the North Pass. If a camp could be placed on the pass, a way up the steep shoulder might be made, certainly to 25,000 feet, and possibly to the summit of the lower pyramid; then two miles along the ridge, and only the final pyramid's 800 feet would remain.

This sounds very simple; in reality it proved to be most difficult. It was mid-September; the monsoon snow buried everything; constant storms and mists obscured the view; and under such conditions to climb the 2,000 feet to the North Pass up almost vertical ice slopes and corridors, cutting steps as one advanced, was an extremely hazardous undertaking.

Roped together, they cautiously made their way up the edge of the pass, and on 24th September reached a snow ledge just beneath it, which would do well enough for a high camp. Above them to the west rose Everest, a majestic curve of mountain, huge, menacing, and swept by incessant whirls of powdery snow. How the wind howled up there! They were to know all about that wind, both soon and in the years to follow.

The party comprised Morshead, Mallory, Bullock, and Wheeler. They made an effort to climb higher, but as soon as they rose above the level of the pass the west wind, sweeping over the top like a



1924 Everest expedition and to what
and how did they solve these

MOUNT EVEREST

235

hurricane, drove them back by its fury and its bitter cold. To complete their discomfiture a blizzard descended upon them ere they could get away, and for four whole days they stayed up there in the tents, in a spot almost as cold as the Antarctic and quite as desolate. When the gale ceased the white mantle of winter was rapidly shrouding the peak. To continue under such conditions would be suicidal; besides, the main work of the season had been accomplished. They broke up camp; the equipment was collected at lower levels; the mules staggered over the Jelep Pass once more; and most of the party returned to England. Man had looked at the mountain and had gone away to think over his next move against it.

Webster Smith.

gave an account of 1924 Everest exp
as you have read it in the f
"The attaché Mount Everest!"

What were the difficulties the
prevented an expedition to
Mount Everest up to the
year 1920? How were these
difficulties overcome?

What were the difficulties
the expedition overcame?

SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSES

THE INSIDE OF THE EARTH

It may seem, at first, hardly possible that man should ever know anything about the earth's interior. Think what a huge ball this globe of ours is, and how, in living and moving over its surface, we are merely like flies walking over a great hill. All that can be seen from the top of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest mine is not more, in comparison with the size of the whole earth, than the thickness of the mere varnish on the outside of a school-globe.

And yet a good deal may be learnt as to what takes place within the earth. Here and there, in different countries, there are places where communication exists between the interior and the surface; and it is from such places that much of our information on this subject is derived. Volcanoes or *Burning-mountains* are among the most important of these channels of communication.

Suppose you were to visit one of these volcanoes just before what is called an "eruption." From the distance it appears as a conical mountain with its top cut off. From this truncated summit a white cloud rises; but not quite such a cloud as may be seen on an ordinary hill-top. For after watching it a little time, you would notice that it rises out of the top of the mountain, even when the sky is cloudless. Ascending from the vegetation of the lower grounds, you would find that the slopes consist partly of loose

stones and ashes, partly of rough black sheets of rock, like the slags of an iron furnace. Nearer the top the ground feels hot, and puffs of steam, together with stifling vapours, come out of it here and there. At last when the summit is reached, what seemed from below to be a level top is seen to be in reality a great basin, with steep walls descending into the depths of the mountain. Screening your face as well as possible from the hot gases which would almost choke you, you might creep to the edge of this basin and look down into it. Far below, at the base of the rough red and yellow cliffs which form its sides, lies a pool of some liquid glowing with a white heat, though covered for the most part with a black crust like that seen on the outside of the mountain during the ascent. From this fiery pool jets of the red-hot liquid are jerked out every now and then, and harden into stone as they are cooled in the air. Showers of stones and dust are shot forth and fall back again into the caldron or down the outside of the mountain. Clouds of steam ascend from the same source to form the uprising cloud which is seen from a great distance, hanging over the mountain-top.

The caldron-shaped hollow on the summit of the mountain is called the *Crater*. The intensely heated liquid in the sputtering boiling pool at its bottom is melted rock or *Lava*. The fragmentary materials—ashes, dust, cinders, and stones—are torn from liquid lava or from the hardened sides and bottom of the crater by the violence of the explosions with which the gases and steam escape.

The hot air and steam, and the melted mass at the bottom of the crater, show that there must be some source of intense heat underneath. And, as in the case of the well-known volcanoes, Etna and Vesuvius, this heat has been coming out for hundreds or even thousands of years without sensible diminution.

But it is when the volcano appears in active eruption that the power of this underground heat shows itself most markedly. For a day or two beforehand the ground around the mountain trembles. At length, in a series of violent explosions, the heart of the volcano is torn open, and perhaps its upper part is blown into the air. Huge clouds of steam roll away up for thousands of feet into the air, mingled with fine dust and red-hot stones. The heavier stones fall back again into the crater, or on the outer slopes of the mountain, but the finer ashes come out in such quantity as sometimes to spread over the sky and make noonday as dark as midnight for many miles round. These ashes or dust partly settle down over the surrounding country as a thick covering and partly are carried away into other regions by upper currents of the atmosphere. Streams of molten lava run down the outside of the mountain, and descend even to the gardens and houses at the base, burning up or overflowing whatever lies in their path. This state of matters continues for days or weeks, until the volcano exhausts itself, and then a time of comparative quiet comes when only steam, hot vapours, and gases are given off.

About 1800 years ago there was a mountain near Naples shaped like a volcano, and with a large crater covered with brushwood. No one had ever seen any steam, or ashes, or lava come from it, and the people did not imagine it to be a volcano, like some other mountains in that part of Europe. They had built villages and towns around its base, and their district, from its beauty and soft climate, used to attract wealthy Romans to build villas there. But at last, after hardly any warning, the whole of the higher part of the mountain was blown into the air with terrific explosions. Such showers of fine ashes fell for miles around that the day was as dark as midnight. Day and night, the ashes and stones descended on the surrounding country; many of the inhabitants were killed, either by stones falling on them, or from suffocation by the dust. When at last the eruption ceased, the district, which had before drawn visitors from all parts of the Old World, was found to be a mere desert of gray dust and stones. Towns and villages, vineyards and gardens, were all buried. Of the towns, the two most noted, called Herculaneum and Pompeii, so completely disappeared that, although important places at the time, their very sites were forgotten, and only by accident, after the lapse of some fifteen hundred years, were they discovered. Excavations have since that time been carried on, the hardened volcanic accumulations have been partially removed from the two old towns, and one can now walk through the streets of Pompeii again, with their roofless dwelling-houses and shops, theatres and

temples, and mark on the causeway the deep ruts worn by the carriage wheels of the Pompeians eighteen centuries ago. Beyond the walls of the now silent city rises Mount Vesuvius, with its smoking crater, covering one-half of the old mountain which was blown up when Pompeii disappeared.

Volcanoes, then, mark the position of some of the holes or orifices, whereby heated materials from the inside of the earth are thrown up to the surface. They occur in all quarters of the globe. In Europe, besides Mount Vesuvius, which has been more or less active since its great eruption in the first century, Etna, Stromboli, Santorin, and other smaller volcanoes, occur in the basin of the Mediterranean; while far to the north-west, active volcanoes rise amid the snows and glaciers of Iceland. In South America a chain of huge volcanoes stretches down the range of the Andes, that rise near the western margin of the continent. In Asia, volcanoes are thickly grouped together in Java and surrounding islands, where in August 1883 there occurred at the island of Krakatoa the most stupendous volcanic eruption of recent times. From that district a line of active volcanoes stretches through Japan and the Aleutian Isles to the extremity of North America. Tracing this distribution upon the map, we observe that the Pacific Ocean is girdled round with volcanoes.

Since these openings into the interior of the earth are so numerous over the surface, it has been inferred that the interior is intensely hot. But other proofs of this internal heat may be gathered.



A Volcano in Eruption



In many countries *hot springs* rise to the surface. In some volcanic districts hot water and steam gush out at intervals with great force into the air for a height of a hundred feet or more. Even in England, which is a long way from any active volcano, the water of the wells of Bath is quite warm (120° Fahr.). It is known, too, that in all countries the heat increases as we descend into the earth. The deeper a mine the warmer are the rocks and air at its bottom. If the heat continues to increase in the same proportion, the rocks must be red hot at no great distance beneath us. The conclusion has, therefore, been drawn that this globe on which we live has a comparatively thin, cool outer shell or crust, within which the interior is intensely hot.

The explosions of a volcano shake the ground, sometimes with great violence. But the solid earth is affected by movements even remote from any volcano. Very delicate instruments have revealed that though the ground beneath us seems to be perfectly steady, it is continually affected by slight tremors. When the movement becomes strong enough to be quite perceptible it is called an *Earthquake*, which may vary from a feeble, hardly sensible trembling of the ground up to a violent concussion, whereby the ground is convulsed and even rent open, trees, rocks, and buildings are thrown down, and sometimes thousands of people are killed. Earthquakes are more particularly frequent and destructive in mountainous regions, along ocean borders, and around active volcanoes.

Though earthquakes may destroy much life and property, they do not permanently alter the face of the globe so much as another kind of earth-movement of a much slower and less startling nature. Some parts of the land are slowly rising. When this upheaval takes place in maritime tracts, rocks that used always to be covered by the tides come to lie wholly beyond their limits; while others, once never to be seen at all, begin one by one to show their heads above water. On the other hand, some regions are slowly sinking; piers, sea-walls, and other old landmarks on the beach, are one after another enveloped by the sea as it encroaches farther and higher on the land.

Even at the present day, therefore, we know that one result of the movement of the outer part or crust of the earth is to raise some regions above the level of the sea, and to increase the height of others that are already dry land. Reflecting on this process, we soon perceive that it must be by such elevations that dry land continues upon the face of the earth. If rain and frost, rivers, glaciers, and the sea, were continually and without check to wear down the surface of the land, that surface would necessarily in the end disappear, and indeed must have disappeared long ago. But, on the one hand, owing to the pushing out of some parts of the earth's surface from within, portions of the land are raised to a higher level, while parts of the bed of the sea are actually upheaved so as to form land. On the other hand, certain larger tracts, more particularly of the ocean-floor, sink inward; the ocean-basins are thus deepened.





and in some measure the level of the sea is thereby lowered.

. This kind of oscillation has happened many times in all quarters of the globe. Most of our hills and valleys are formed of rocks which were originally laid down on the bottom of the sea, and have been subsequently raised into land. In almost every country proofs may be found that the land has repeatedly been submerged and re-elevated.

Sir Archibald Geikie.

THE SUN AND THE STARS

Our sun is a huge fiery ball, one hundred times as great in diameter as the Earth, and more than a million times as large. But, strange as it may seem, the sun is only a star like the other stars that we see in the sky at night. Stranger still, we find that our sun is only a medium-sized star. It is not as large as the Pole Star, and not nearly as large as some of the others. Betel-geux, in the constellation of Orion, is reckoned to be four hundred times larger than the sun. The sun, compared with other stars, looks large to us because we are nestled close to it. If the sun were gradually to move farther from the Earth until it was as far away as the other stars, its light would grow so dim that its glory would be gone.

We have seen that an express train would require eight months to make the run to the moon. How long do you think it would take us to go to the sun, which is nearly four hundred times as far from us as the moon? It would take an express train two hundred and fifty-five years for such a journey.

If we were to make this journey we should find an express train entirely too slow; not only should we die before reaching the sun, but our great-grandchildren would not survive the journey. We shall have to find some faster way of travel, for even an aeroplane would take too long. We know that a cannon-ball moves at a tremendous rate—twenty or



thirty miles a minute. If it could maintain that speed it would move thirty thousand miles in a day, and could reach the moon in eight full days. But it would take our cannon-ball seven years or more to reach the sun.

Let us think of the distance to the sun in another way. We know that the sun is very hot. If you had an arm ninety-three million miles long and sat in your home with your finger on the sun, you would be burned, but how long would it be before you would know that you were burned? Pain travels five feet in one-twentieth of a second. If you put your finger in the fire you are burned before you feel the pain. It is felt one-hundredth of a second after you are burned. Now, if you should stick your finger in the sun with your long arm, you would wait a year and not feel the pain. You would wait ten years and yet not feel it. It would take the pain one hundred and fifty years to arrive from the burn received from the sun.

Light comes from the sun to us in a few minutes for light travels 186,400 miles a second. So it shoots through to us in about eight and a quarter minutes. When we look at the sun we see it, not in the place where it actually is in the sky, but in the place where it was eight minutes before.

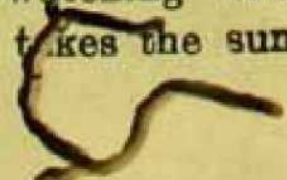
The sun's orb sends out light and gives out heat in every direction possible. Only the least fraction of the sun's heat comes to the Earth, but enough reaches here to keep every living thing on Earth alive. It supports the plants and the trees and all the men and animals. It raises clouds and makes

possible all the work that is done. What the sun does for the Earth seems like magic, since we are so very far away from it. Because the sun is tremendously hot it can give us heat at this great distance. If the rays of the sun were shut off from our atmosphere for a few days the air would soon be chilled and the Earth frozen.

We know that the sun is about ninety-three million miles away. If it were only half as far away we could set paper on fire by putting it out in the sunshine. We think the sun's heat is very great on the Earth on a summer day, but it is forty-six thousand times greater at the sun's surface. There it would melt a layer of ice forty-one feet thick in one minute.

We cannot look long at the sun in a clear sky, for it is so brilliant that it hurts our eyes. It is better to look at it through smoked glass, or when the atmosphere is very hazy. If we should look at it through a telescope we should find that it is covered with spots. There are dark spots to be seen upon it, some of which we may see with the naked eye in cloudy or foggy weather.

Some of these sunspots are so large that they seem to be great holes in the sun, so large that our world could drop into one of them and have a thousand miles to spare round it. Some astronomers say the spots are not holes but vast whirlpools. One remarkable thing about these spots is the fact that the sun has an especially bad attack of them about every eleven years. It is by watching the sunspots that we can tell how long it takes the sun



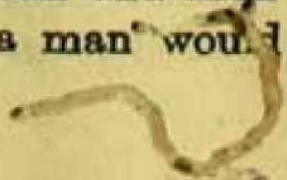
to turn on its axis. It revolves once in about twenty-six days.

We know that there are tremendous explosions on the sun, for through the telescope when the moon is between us and the sun we can see the flames shoot out from twenty-five thousand to three hundred thousand miles.

The sun's surface seems to be a boiling ocean of white-hot metal vapours. This ocean of white-hot gas is constantly driven by great storms. Some terrible energy is streaming out from the sun and blowing its outer layers into gigantic hurricanes.

By using the spectroscope we learn what elements there are in the sun—such elements as iron, copper, zinc, hydrogen, and helium. These are also found on the Earth, but not in the same form. The sun's heat is so intense that they are all turned to gases. There appear to be other elements on the sun that we have not yet found on the Earth. With our fine instruments one element was found on the sun thirty years before we found it here.

Suppose we wanted to make two balls—one to show the size of the sun and the other the Earth. We should make the globe to represent the sun twenty-six feet in diameter, and the ball that stands for the Earth about the size of a tennis-ball. Jules Verne wrote of a journey round the world in eighty days, but it would have taken his travellers nearly twenty-four years to go round the sun at the same rate. If the Earth were to swell to the size of the sun and men were to grow in the same proportion, a man would be six hundred and twenty-five feet





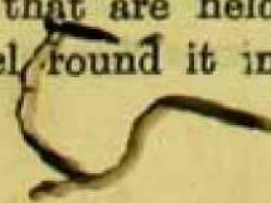
tall. He could stand by St. Paul's Cathedral and would tower two hundred and sixty feet above the cross on its summit.

One of the things concerning the sun that puzzles us a great deal is how its heat is maintained. There are tens of thousands of acres of coal-bearing land in the world. But if we should bring all the coal together in one huge fire, how long do you think it would give out the heat of the sun? It would supply the heat of the sun one ten-thousandth part of a second. We really do not know just how the sun's heat is produced. Some think that it is from radium on the sun. Some say that it is from the breaking down of atoms.

The time may come when the sun will use up all its fuel and will become frozen and lifeless like some of the planets that move round it. But this could not happen for so many million years that we need not feel alarmed.

The Earth is pulling everything toward it by gravitation, as we know. Now the sun pulls very much harder than the Earth, twenty-seven times as hard. For this reason, everything on the sun weighs twenty-seven times as much as it would here. A man of ordinary size would weigh more than two tons there. He would be so heavy that he could not walk.

The sun pulls the Earth as a magnet pulls a piece of iron. Our Earth moves round in a circle or path, called its *orbit*, and the sun never lets it get away. There are seven other planets that are held captive by the sun and made to travel round it in

A decorative handwritten flourish or scribble in the bottom right corner of the page.



regular paths. This seems like magic. Then when we think that our sun is only one of millions of stars, and that they all may have planets moving about them, we can appreciate how wonderful is the great universe.

The stars are all suns and shine by their own light. Some of them appear very dim to us, because they are so very far off. If we were near them they would be bright and hot like the sun. Only the sun looks large to us, and we receive its heat because it is near. The stars look small because they are so far away. We get no heat at all from the stars, though we do get a little light.

It is very hard for us to comprehend how very far away from us is the nearest star. The distance is so great that it has to be measured by the rate at which light travels, which is 186,400 miles per second. Light requires, coming at this amazing speed, about eight minutes to travel from the sun to the Earth, but it requires more than four years for light to reach us from the nearest star. Most of the stars are too far away for astronomers to measure the distance, but you may be interested to learn that the light from the Pole Star which reaches your eye must have started on its journey shortly after the Crimean War, while that from the Pleiades may have set forth before Columbus started on his great voyage.

Suppose you go out some night and look at the sky with the naked eye. Choose a small space and count the stars in it; then take a common opera-glass and look again, counting the stars that you see in the



same small space, and you will have many more. A large telescope will show you a thousand times more than you are able to see with the opera-glass.

The astronomers have counted all the stars that they can see. We do not know just how many others there are. We can see six thousand with the naked eye, but we cannot see them all at one time. With our largest telescope we see a hundred million stars.

In the universe is room for everything. We cannot imagine an end to space. All the stars that we see on a bright night are in endless space. It is supposed that many of them have planets moving round them just as the Earth and the other planets move about our sun. We are not certain that this is true, but why should it not be so? If each of the stars that can be seen had a family of eight planets, then there would be eight hundred million planets. Very likely there are stars having only two or three planets, and there may be some that have none—childless stars, we might say.

If the stars have planets about them the planets do not shine by the light of the stars. So it would be impossible for us to see them even with our most powerful telescope. If we were standing on the star nearest to us we could not see our Earth, because the Earth only reflects light, and it would be far too dim. Therefore, if you would like to do so, you may believe that the other stars have planets about them, and that these planets have men upon them. No one can prove that you are wrong, and you cannot prove that you are right.

A large, dark, handwritten squiggle or signature mark located at the bottom right of the page, below the final paragraph.

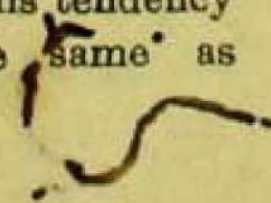


If our Earth stood still the stars would seem always to keep in the same place in the sky; but, nevertheless, they are all moving through space just as our sun and his family are doing. The stars are so far away that although one of them should move a million miles a day, it would be years before our astronomers could detect a change of position. We are told that our sun and the planets are moving through space at the rate of eight hundred miles per minute.

William and Stella Nida.

THE MEANING OF WEIGHT

We say that anything has weight when, on trying to lift it from the ground, or on holding it in the hand, we have a feeling of effort. Or again, if anything which is supported at a certain height above the ground, falls when the support is taken away, we say that it has weight. Now the ground merely means the surface of the earth; and, as all bodies which possess weight fall directly towards the surface of the earth when they are not kept away from it by some support, we may say that all bodies which have weight tend to fall in this way. And it does not matter on what part of the surface of the earth you make the experiment. Rain consists of drops of water, and it does not matter whether we watch a shower in calm weather here, or in New Zealand; the drops fall perpendicularly towards the ground. But we know that the earth is a globe and that New Zealand is at our antipodes, or on the opposite side of the globe to England. Hence if two showers are falling at the same time, one in New Zealand and one here—the drops must be falling in opposite directions, towards one another; that is, towards the centre of the earth which lies between them. In fact, all bodies which have weight tend to fall towards the centre of the earth—that is to say they fall in this way if there is nothing to prevent them; and when we speak of weight we mean this tendency to fall. To call anything heavy, is the same as



saying that we fully expect that, if there is nothing to support it, it will fall to the ground; or that if we support it ourselves we shall be conscious of effort.

Gravity and Gravitation.

The word *gravity*, when it was first used, had exactly the same meaning as weight; and a body which has weight is said to *gravitate* towards the centre of the earth. But gravity has now acquired a much wider sense than weight. For an immense number of careful observations and experiments have established the general rule, or law of nature, that every material substance tends to approach every other material substance, just in the same way as a drop of rain falls towards the earth; and, in fact, that any two portions of matter, whatever the nature of that matter may be, will move towards one another if there is nothing to prevent them from doing so.

To make this clear, let us suppose that the only material bodies in the universe were two spherical drops of water, each a tenth of an inch in diameter. Each of these drops would have the same bulk as the other, and would be a quantity of matter exactly equivalent to the other. Then, however great the distance which separated these two drops, they would begin to approach one another; and, each moving with gradually increasing swiftness, they would at length meet in a point exactly half-way between the positions which they at first occupied. But if the bulk of one drop were greater than that of the other drop, then the larger would move more

slowly, and the point of meeting would be by so much nearer the larger drop. It follows that, if the one body of water were as big as the earth and the other remained of its original size, no bigger than a rain-drop—the motion of the large mass towards the small one would be an inconceivably minute fraction of the total distance travelled over. It would appear as if the large body were perfectly still and drew the small body to itself.

This is just what happens when a single drop of water falls from a cloud, say through a distance of a mile, to the earth. The earth really moves towards it, just as it moves towards the earth, on the straight line which joins the centres of the two. But the length of this line which each travels over is *inversely proportional* to the quantity of matter in each, that is to say is the less the bigger the quantity. So that we have a rule-of-three sum. As the quantity of matter in the earth is to that in a rain-drop, so is a mile to the distance travelled over by the earth. And if any one worked out this sum, he would find that the fourth term of the proportion would be an inconceivably minute fraction of an inch. For all practical purposes, therefore, we may consider the earth to be at rest in relation to all falling bodies, inasmuch as the quantity of matter in any falling body is insignificant, in comparison with that contained in the earth.

What is true of water is true, so far as we know, of all kinds of matter, and we therefore say that it is a law of nature that all kinds of matter possess gravity; that is to say, that of any two, each tends

to move towards the other, at a speed which is the slower the greater the quantity of matter it contains in proportion to that which the other contains; and this speed gradually becomes quicker as the two bodies approach.

What is usually called the *law of gravitation* is a statement of the same observed facts in another and more complete fashion.

The Cause of Weight: Attraction: Force.

We know nothing whatever of the reason why bodies possess weight. Bodies do not fall on account of the law of gravitation; nor does their gravity explain why they fall. Gravity, as we have seen, is only a name for weight, and the law of gravitation is only a statement of *how* bodies approach one another, not *why* they do so.

It is often said that gravitation is *attraction*, and that bodies fall to the earth because the earth attracts them. But the word "attract" simply means to "draw towards," and "attraction" means nothing but "drawing towards;" and to say, when two bodies move towards one another, that they are "drawn towards" one another, is simply to describe the fact and makes us no whit wiser than we were before. On the contrary, unless we take great care, it may make us a little less wise. For the words "drawing towards" are so closely associated with ropes and hooks and the act of pulling, that we are easily led to fancy the existence of some analogous invisible machinery in the case of mutually attractive bodies.

Again, gravitation is spoken of as a *force*; and as the word force is in very common use, let us try to make out what we mean by it. A man is said to exert force when he pushes or pulls anything so as either to exert pressure upon it or to put it in motion. A wrestler's force is proved by his hug; a bowler's force is shown by the swiftness of motion of the ball.

Force, then, is the name which we give to that which causes or, in the case of pressure, tends to cause, motion. The force of gravity therefore means the cause of the pressure which we feel when bodies which possess gravity are supported by our bodies, and the cause of their movement towards the centre of the earth, when they are free to move. But it is exactly about the cause of these phenomena that we know nothing whatever.

A good deal of mischief is done by the inaccurate use of such words as attraction and force, as if they were the names of things having an existence apart from natural objects, and from the series of causes and effects which are open to our observation; while they are, in reality, merely the names of the unknown causes of certain phenomena. And it is worth while to take pains to get clear ideas on this head at the outset of the study of science.

Let us remember then that, so far as we know, it is a law of nature, that any two material bodies, if they are free to move, approach one another with gradually increasing swiftness; and that the space over which each travels before the two meet, is inversely proportional to the quantity of matter which

it contains. *Attraction of gravitation* is a name for this general fact; *weight* is the name for the fact in the case of terrestrial bodies; *force* is a name which we give to the unknown cause of the fact. The fact is that which it is important to know. The names are of no great consequence so long as we recollect that they are merely names and not things.

The Weight of Water is proportioned to its Bulk.

We must next consider, not weight in general, but the weight of water. We say that a tumbler full of water is heavier than an empty tumbler, because the full tumbler gives us a greater feeling of effort when we lift it than the empty tumbler does. The more water there is in the tumbler the greater is the effort. A pail full of water requires still more effort, though the empty pail feels quite light; and, when we come to deal with a large tub full of water, we may be unable to stir it, though the empty tub could be lifted with ease. Thus it seems that the greater the bulk of water the more it weighs, and the less the bulk the less it weighs. But then a single drop of water in the palm of the hand seems to weigh nothing at all. However, this clearly cannot be, for the drop falls to the ground readily, and therefore it must have weight. Moreover, a few thousand drops would fill the tumbler, and if a thousand drops weigh something, each drop must have a thousandth of that weight. The fact is that our feeling of effort is a very rough measure of weight, and does not enable us to compare small weights, or even to perceive them if they are very small. To know anything

accurately about weight we must have recourse to an instrument which is contrived for the purpose of measuring weights with precision.

The Measuring of Weights. The Balance.

Such an instrument is the *balance* or *scales*, which you may see in every grocer's shop. It is composed of a beam which moves easily on a pivot fixed to its middle, and which has a scale-pan attached to each end. So long as both scale-pans are empty the beam is horizontal; but if you put anything which has weight into one, that one goes down and the other rises. If now you either pull or push the empty scale downwards, the beam may be brought into the horizontal position again, and the effort required to bring it into the horizontal position will be the greater, the greater the weight of the body in the opposite scale. An ounce in the one scale is easily raised by the pressure of a finger in the other. A pound requires more effort; ten pounds needs putting out the strength of the arm; to raise fifty pounds involves still more exertion; while a couple of hundredweight will not be stirred by the strongest push or pull upon the empty scale.

Suppose that, instead of pressing down the empty scale, you put something that has weight into it; then, as soon as this weight is equal to that in the other scale, the beam will become horizontal. In fact, one scale has just as much tendency to move towards the centre of the earth as the other has, and as neither can go down without pulling the other up, they neutralise one another. It comes to the same

thing, as if two boys of equal strength were pulling one against the other; so long as the pulls in opposite directions are equal, of course neither boy can stir; while the smallest addition of strength to one enables him to pull the other over.

The Weight of the same Bulk or Volume of Water is Constant under the same conditions. Mass. Density.

Now let two graduated thin glass measures be put into the two scales, and made to counterpoise one another exactly. Then, if even a single drop of water is put into the one measure the scale will descend, if the balance is a good one; showing that the drop has weight. If the measures are graduated accurately, then whatever volume of water is put into one, an exactly similar volume of the same water must be put into the other to make the beam level. This obviously means that *the same volume of water under the same circumstances always has the same weight.*

It was said that bodies tend to move towards one another with a relative velocity* which is inversely proportional to the quantity of matter which they contain. But how are we to measure quantity of matter? Is it to be estimated by the space which it occupies; that is, by its volume? or

* Velocity, or swiftness, is measured by the distance over which a body travels in a given time. Of two bodies, one of which travels through one foot in a second, while the other travels through two feet, the latter has the greater relative velocity.



are we to estimate the quantity of matter in a body by its weight? You will soon learn that the volume of all bodies is constantly changing in correspondence with the changes in the pressure exerted by other bodies, but more especially in correspondence with the changes of temperature to which they are subjected; while the weight of the same body, at the same point on the earth's surface, never alters. Hence we may take the weight of a body as a measure of the quantity of matter which it contains; and it follows that, for the same weight, the larger the volume of a body the less matter it contains proportionally to its volume, and the less the volume, the more matter it contains. The proportion of its weight to its volume gives us the *density* of a body.

Now what is true of water is true of all other bodies or material substances. Suppose that one of the measures is emptied and replaced, the beam may be brought to the horizontal position again by means of a piece of lead cut to exactly the right size. The piece of lead will thenceforth furnish an exactly corresponding or equivalent weight for so much water; and pieces of iron or brass, which counterpoise the lead, will also be equivalents of the weight of the water, or of the lead, or of one another. But the pieces of lead, iron, or brass will obviously be of much less volume or bulk than the water which they counterpoise. Here it follows that the densities of these metals, or the quantity of matter contained in the same volume, must be much greater than in the case of water.

What are called *weights* in commerce are pieces of lead, or iron, or brass exactly equivalent in weight to a certain bulk of water under certain conditions. *An imperial gallon of water thus weighs ten pounds, and therefore an imperial pint weighs a pound and a quarter.*

Equal Volumes of Different Things under the same circumstances, have Different Weights: the Density of Different Bodies is Different.

The important fact which has just been alluded to must be considered more fully. We have seen that an imperial pint measure gives us the space which is taken up by as much water as weighs a pound and a quarter; and this space is the bulk or *volume* of that weight of water. But if you take an ordinary pound weight and a quarter-pound weight, and put them into an imperial pint measure, you will find that, instead of filling it, they take up only a very small portion of the space in its interior, or in other words, of its capacity. Thus the volume of a pound and a quarter of lead, or of iron, or of brass, is very much less than the volume of the same weight of water; that is to say, the metals are *denser* than water; the same volume has greater mass or more gravity. Or, to put the case in another way, fill the tumbler with which we began half full of water making a mark on the side exactly at the level of the top of the water. Then place it in one scale of a balance, and counterpoise it with weights in the other. Next, pour out the water, and after drying the tumbler, fill it with fine sand carefully up to the mark. The volume of

sand will be equal to the volume of water. But now the same weights will no longer counterpoise it, and you will have to put more weights in the opposite scale. Volume for volume, therefore, sand is heavier than water. Throw out the sand, and put in sawdust in the same way, and you will find that a less weight than was necessary to counterpoise the water counterpoises the sawdust. Volume for volume, therefore, sawdust is lighter than water. Experiment in the same way with spirit and oil, and they will be found to be lighter than water, while treacle will be heavier, and quicksilver very much heavier than water.

The Meaning of Heavy and Light—Specific Gravity.

We are in the habit of using the words *heavy* and *light* rather carelessly. We call things that are easily lifted light, and things that are hard to lift, heavy. We say that sand, which is blown about by the wind, is light, and that a block of wood is heavy, and yet we have just seen that sand is heavier, bulk for bulk, than wood. In order to get rid of this double meaning, the weight of a volume of any liquid or solid, in proportion to the weight of the same volume of water at a known temperature and pressure, is called its *specific gravity*. Water being taken as 1, anything a volume of which is twice as heavy as the same volume of water is said to have the specific gravity 2; if three times, 3; if four and a half times 4.5, and so on. Thus the specific gravity of any liquid or solid expresses its density in proportion to that of



THE MEANING OF WEIGHT

263

water under the same conditions. Sawdust, oil, and spirit, have a less specific gravity than water, while treacle, sand, and quicksilver have a greater specific gravity. In this sense, the former three substances are *light* while the latter three are *heavy*.

Thomas Henry Huxley.

NOTES

William Cowper was born in 1731. He lost his mother when he was only six, was very sensitive and suffered from a kind of mental gloom throughout his life. He distinguished himself as a writer of verse at Westminster School where he was educated but was unsuccessful at the bar and attempted suicide when summoned to a public examination. Unmarried as he was, he became homeless on his father's death in 1756 but became one of the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin. On the death of the latter he removed with Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to Olney on the banks of the river Ouse where his friend John Newton was curate. Many of his letters were written to these friends and they show his gentle nature and good taste. His prose style is simple but it has elegance and humour.

Cowper is a nature poet and some of his important poems are *The Task*, *Boadicea*, *The Castaway* and *John Gilpin*. He died in 1800.

Phillip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was born in 1694 and was educated at Cambridge where he was much devoted to his studies. He distinguished himself later as an orator in Parliament; but his life was mostly spent in foreign embassies and in political affairs. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1745 and Secretary of State in 1746. He was never prominent as a literary man but wrote occasional essays for periodicals. His best work is the *Letters to his Son* published in 1774, soon after his death. His letters show his worldly wisdom, but they lay stress on the pursuit of elegant manners at the expense of morality. Their chief merit lies in a lucid and clear-cut style. Philip Stanhope, the author's son for whose benefit the letters were written, was however a dull young man who profited very little by his father's advice.

Sir John Lubbock, first Baron Avebury, was born in London in 1834. He was the son of a banker and though he went

up to Eton, he was soon removed and installed at his father's bank before he was fifteen. He worked hard and soon acquired a leading position among bankers. Yet he found time for extensive private study, scientific research and literary pursuits which made him famous.

In Parliament he distinguished himself by securing the passage of a number of important laws. He was President of the London Chamber of Commerce, Chairman of the London County Council, Vice-Chancellor of the London University, a trustee of the British Museum and Principal of the Working Men's College. He was associated with Darwin and other scientists and made valuable contributions to the study of insects and of animal behaviour, Botany, Geology and Anthropology. He had also a zeal for the intellectual and moral elevation of his countrymen and to this is due the publication of books like *The Hundred Best Books* (1891), *Peace and Happiness* (1909), *The Use of Life* (1894) and *The Pleasures of Life* (1887). He was raised to the Peerage in 1900 and died in 1913.

William Cobbett was born in Surrey in 1762 and joined the army early in life. He saw active service in America during the War of Independence and in 1794 began his career as a writer at Philadelphia. Persecuted in America, he returned to England and started a journal. Cobbett became a Radical Reformer and was twice prosecuted for libel and suffered imprisonment. In 1817 he crossed over to America, as it was unsafe for a man of his political views to live as a journalist in England. He, however, returned to England again in 1821 and began lecturing on political questions and worked vehemently for Parliamentary reform. He was returned to Parliament in 1832 and died in 1835. *Advice to Young Men* was published in 1829.

F. J. Gould was the Official Demonstrator of a society in London known as the Moral Education League and he wrote in 1910 a book of moral instruction entitled *Youth's Noble Path* which was published under the auspices of the League. The two pieces headed 'Justice' in the present Selections are extracts from this book.



The book was meant to promote the cause of moral instruction in Indian schools and accordingly its materials were derived from Eastern sources—Hindu, Moslem and Buddhist. The author received valuable assistance and advice from Indians like the late Mr. R. C. Dutt and the late Mr. Ameer Ali.

Alfred George Gardiner was born in 1865. His principal works include *Prophets, Priests and Kings* (1908), *The War Lords* (1915), *The Pillars of Society* and *Pebbles on the Shore* (1916). The piece, "On Courage" is an extract from the last work which is a collection of papers contributed by the author to *The Star* under the pen name of "Alpha of the Plough" during the Great European War.

Washington Irving was born in New York in April, 1783, of parents who had migrated there from England. He was called to the bar but devoted himself to literature. He visited England in 1815 and attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott who introduced him to the well-known publisher John Murray and induced the latter to publish the *Sketch Book* in 1820. Irving travelled long on the Continent and settled down at Madrid where he published a history of Columbus. He returned to America after 17 years' absence and died in November, 1859.

"The Widow and her Son" and "Rip Van Winkle" are both taken from the *Sketch Book*. Irving has both pathos and humour and his style is elegant and lucid.

Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775 and was the seventh and youngest child of his parents. He had to give up his studies early in life on account of his father's poverty and was employed as a clerk in the Accounts Office of the East India Company in 1792. He retired in 1825 and died in 1834.

Lamb was gentle and loving but his life was darkened by a fit of insanity and by a family tragedy in which his mother was killed by his mad sister. Lamb is best known for his *Essays of Elia*. *Rosamund Gray*—sometimes described as a 'miniature romance'—was published in 1798. It is the story of a simple

girl of the village of Widford who was wronged by a wicked man and died prematurely. Her lover Allan left the village with a broken heart and his sister died of the shock. The present extract describes the melancholy feelings of a friend and neighbour of Allan on his return to the village of Widford after a long absence, when he passed by Rosamund's deserted cottage, his own old house and the graveyard where his parents and Allan's sister lay buried.

William Henry Hudson was born about the year 1846. He was a prolific writer on topics of Natural History and was elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society. Among his books *Naturalist of La Plata* (1892), *British Birds* (1895), *A Crystal Age* (1906) and *Afoot in England* (1909) are well known. The piece "My Friend Jack" in the present Selections is taken from the last-mentioned book. He died in 1922.

Mary Russell Mitford was born in 1787. Her father was a doctor, but he wasted his fortune in gambling and was dependent on his daughter for more than 50 years. Miss Mitford wrote many poems and dramas, but her fame rests on one book only, viz., *Our Village*. It came out in parts and it consists of descriptive scenes drawn from the life of a village where she lived for several years. The style is conversational and pleasant.

Mary Coleridge was born in 1861 and lived a quiet, secluded life away from social intercourse. She wrote historical romances, poems and a large volume of prose. She was reserved and was known only to a very narrow circle. Her poetry is full of regrets, doubts and melancholy and her novels too are not remarkable. She is more successful as a writer of a few short stories. She died in 1907.

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wilde was born in 1856 in Ireland and was educated at Oxford. He travelled for a time in Greece and Italy and became a champion of the theory of art for art's sake. Charged with a breach of morality, he spent two years in imprisonment. Wilde was a dramatist, a novelist and a critic. He is also well



known as the author of *De Profundis*, a work based on his personal experience of life and remarkable for its fine imaginative prose. He died in France in 1900.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland in 1728. His father was a poor rector with several children. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, and studied Medicine at Edinburgh and at Leyden in Holland. Next he wandered aimlessly over the Continent. On returning to England in 1756 he devoted himself to literature. Goldsmith was very improvident and led an idle, aimless and irregular life. He suffered much but was at heart a good and sincere man. He died in 1774.

He is well known as a poet, a comedian and an essayist. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is an excellent novel by Goldsmith and is as well known as his poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*. *The Citizen of the World* which illustrates Goldsmith's power of observation of men and society, first came out under the heading "Chinese Letters" as a series of articles in a periodical.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin in 1667 and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford. He took orders in 1694 and held some ecclesiastical posts the last of which was the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin. He had to live in London from time to time and come in touch with political parties and court intrigues which galled his spirit. He gradually became famous as a writer of scathing party pamphlets. He was loved by two girls none of whom he married. Their death rendered his spirit, already morose and bitter, still more gloomy. This bitterness is reflected in *Gulliver's Travels*, published in 1726, which is a satire on humanity itself. Swift gradually sank into a kind of idiocy and died in 1745.

Sir Richard Steele was born in Dublin in 1672 and was educated at Oxford which he left suddenly to join the army. He published a poem and some comedies while in the army, but he is best known as the founder of a new species of periodicals (e.g., *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*) the object of which was to afford



both pleasure and moral instruction to people and to point out their vices and foibles. He was knighted in 1715 and he died in 1729.

Louis de Rougemont was born in Paris in 1844. While yet in his teens, he set out on a voyage to the Pacific but was shipwrecked on the N. W. coast of Australia. He was compelled to live for about 30 years amongst the cannibals of this region and had a great opportunity of studying their modes of life and customs. Rougemont's experiences, when first published in 1898, were regarded as incredible; but in 1917 an expedition was sent out to explore the North-West of Australia and its report fully corroborated the accounts published by Louis de Rougemont. His stories which were regarded as absolutely impossible, were found to be true by a large number of observers. But before this corroboration came, Rougemont died in Kensington Infirmary (1921).

Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury in 1809. He studied medicine for a while at Edinburgh and then proceeded to Cambridge to take Holy Orders; but ultimately he interested himself in Natural History and science. Darwin was soon appointed Naturalist in *H. M. S. Beagle* which made a surveying voyage round the world. The present extract is from Darwin's book *Voyage of a Naturalist round the World*, published in 1845, describing his observations and experiences during this voyage. Darwin has been immortalised by his two books, *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871) which have changed the whole current of European thought by applying the theory of evolution by natural selection to plants and animals,—his theory being that our ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." He died in 1882.

Tom George Longstaff was born in 1875 and was educated at the Oxford University where he was admitted to the M.D. degree. He was for some time attached to the Army Headquarters at Simla and retired in 1918 with the rank of a Captain.



He accompanied the political mission to Western Tibet in 1905. An expert mountaineer, he climbed the Alps, the Caucasus and the Rocky Mountains and was awarded the Founder's Medal by the Royal Geographical Society.

Sir Francis (Edward) Younghusband was born at Murree in 1863, was educated at Sandhurst, joined the Army in 1882 and was transferred to the Political Department of the Government of India. He led a Government mission to Manchuria in 1886 and carried on explorations there. In 1887 he travelled from Peking to India through Chinese Turkestan. During 1902-04 he was British Commissioner to Tibet. He served in the Boer War, was made a K.C.I.E. in 1904 and was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1919.

Charles Granville Bruce (Brigadier-General) was born in 1866. He served in the Burmese War, the Tirah and Waziristan Expeditions and the Great European War and was mentioned in the Despatches. He retired from the Army in 1920.

Charles Kenneth Howard Bury (Lt.-Colonel) was born in 1883, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst and joined the Army in 1904. He served in the Great European War and was taken prisoner in 1918. He was a Member of Parliament and Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for War. He travelled extensively in Turkestan and was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

Sir Archibald Geikie was born at Edinburgh in 1835 and was educated at the local high school and the local University. He was appointed an assistant on the Geological Survey in 1855 and became the Director of the Geological Survey for Scotland in 1867, a Professor of Geology in the University of Edinburgh in 1871 and the Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom in 1881. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1865. The study of Geography received a great impetus from him in Great Britain and the science of Geology received many important contributions from him. He was President of the Geological Society in 1891 and 1892 and was knighted in 1891.

Thomas Henry Huxley was born in 1825. Scientific research attracted him even when he was a medical apprentice in his early life. He entered the Navy as a doctor and made a voyage to Australia. In 1851 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society for his research-work during this voyage and in 1854 he was appointed to the Professorship of Natural History in the London School of Mines. He visited New York in 1876 to deliver his famous lecture on the evolution of the horse and in 1883 he was elected President of the Royal Society. A life-long sufferer from dyspepsia, he retired from public life in the same year and died in 1895.

Huxley was an authority on Biology and, in consequence of his writings against theologians in his later years, came to be regarded as anti-Christian. His literary work consists chiefly of essays and addresses on scientific and philosophical subjects and he has a keen and lucid style.
